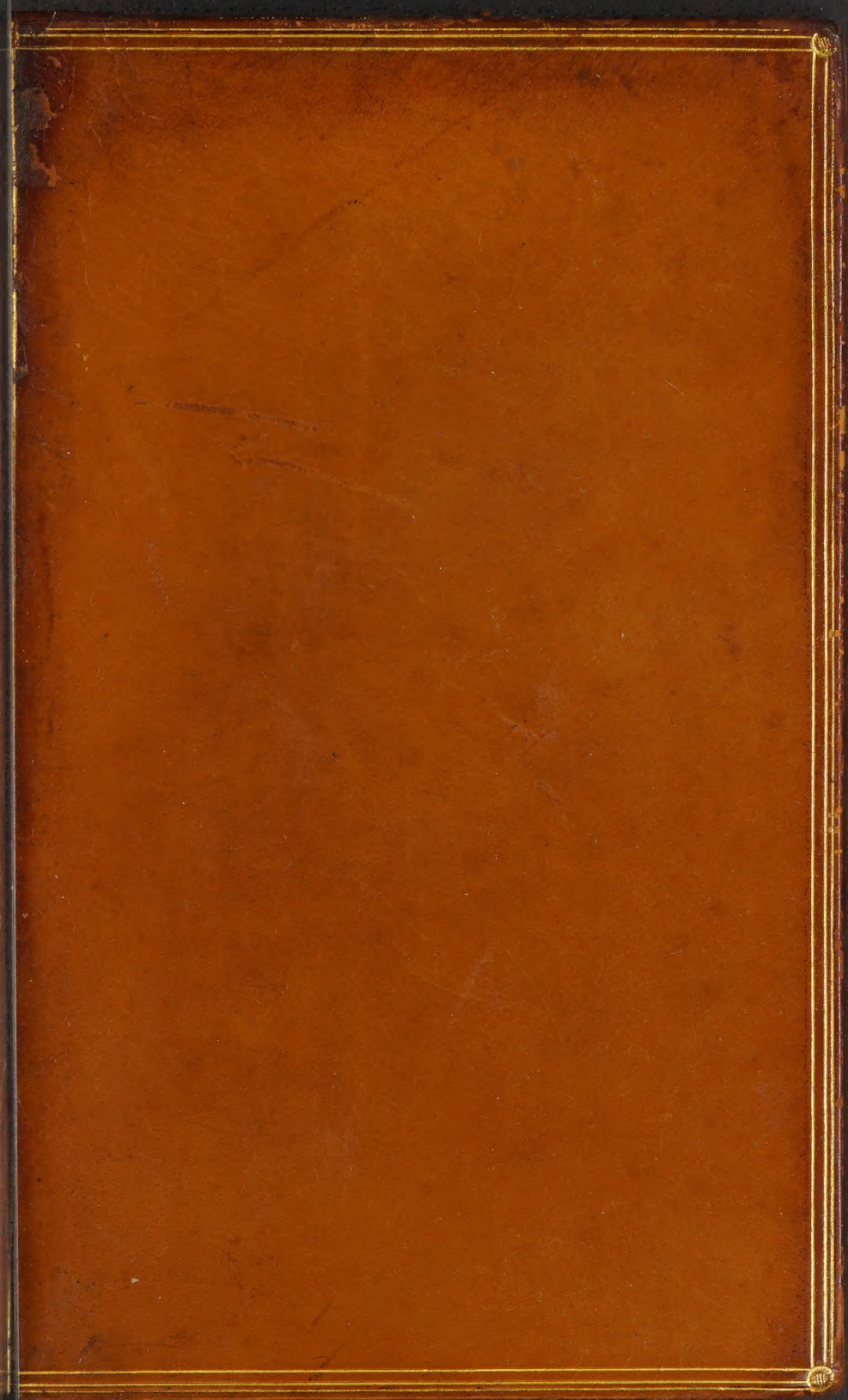




POCULA

CASTALIA

1650







By Robert Baron.

Physician to Mr. Mutton

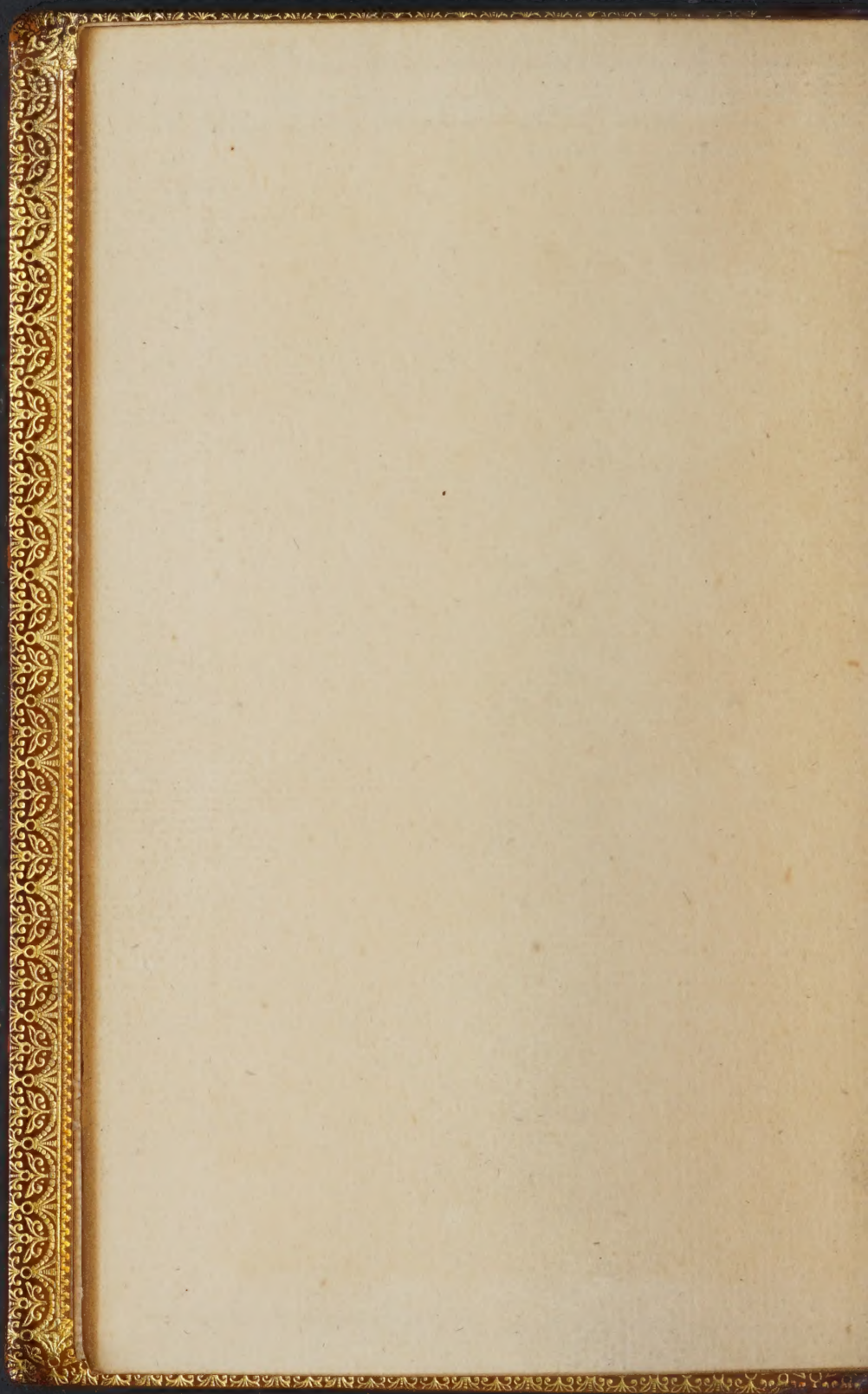
Exceedingly scarce.

George Thorn-Drumfry,

with MS notes by him

8-8-0

Shakespeare references 2. (6) 43 (148) 77 (232) 129.
blustry 7 (25)
Pamela 12 (44)
Lazarium 12.
sifted 71 (58) p. 17.
red. bearded Pack of Serjants 18 (62)
cut 19
argologies 20 (66)
forinitie 21 (67)
uberiously 21 (69. 54)
Lallation 21 (70. 55.)
skive 24 (79)
Attalick 28 (95)
Courtling 30 (104)
Passeovers 31. (110)
She chew'd with Studs of Pearls 35 (124)
Leatherine 36 (130)
Sea shuffled head 39 (140)
He made his Clouts poor to make rich his Red. ibid.
Titan
rare Mylliard } 43 (149)
winking Centinels of Night 49 (171)
Girles ... that Feast on chalk and coals 52 (184)
Epithalamium 65
Suckling 66. 102. 126.
Catshall Boal 69
Loudace 70
haggardfull 75 (218)
Black Patch 87. 97.
frigidate 92.
Autumnine 93
Irish Gausopine 95
Erra Pater 100.
Carver 102.
Fiscas drum 109.
John broth ibid
Diana Willaby, the Lady 111 Mrs. D. L. 128
Benjamin Garfield 112
his Tragi. Comedy The Unfortunate Fortunate ib.
Pyrrae ibid
Syrenious ibid.
Crisbrook 113
Whitchall ibid
Janson ibid 114.
Cathline ibid
S. R. Lady 121.
Gill. Ad. 125.
Leigh the linguist 127
Robert Brownrigg "
John Han his (Barons) kaphaw 129.
hal. Winter 132.







*Vultus Apellinea pictus Barone tabella est
Totus Apollinea pingitur arte liber.
W. Marshall sculpsit. John Hobart Gent.*

POCULA CASTALIA

{ The Authors MOTTO.
Fortunes Tennis-Ball.
< ELIZA:
Poems.
{ Epigrams, &c.

By R. B. Gent.

OVID.

*Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
POCULA CASTALIA plena ministrat.*

LONDON,

Printed by W. H. for Thomas Dring, and are to be
sold at his shop at the signe of the George,
near Cliffords-Inne in Fleet-street. 1650.





To the Rare, and most Hopefull
Gentleman Mr. Robert Baron, up-
on his *Pocula Castalia*.

May great Apollo with his Holy Quire
Of charming Girles my brain no more inspire,
May I ne'r fetch more naps on Phocis Mount,
Or drink one drop of Aganippes Fount
If these Castalian cups were not to me
As Nectar, as pure Nectar from the Bee.

Your Pregnant Muse beares ripe fruit in her Spring.
Her green is yellow; If She thus take wing
To reach the Lawrell, and so fast improve
The stock of Poets by such heats of love,
You may in time, where now old Phæbus sits,
Be Lord Chief-Baron of the Court of Wits.

JAM: HOWELL.



To the growing branch of Virtue

*Mr. R. B. upon his Castalian
Cups.*

THose who have tiplod on Nepenthe Cups may taste
on these, and see how far they are surpast.
Each drop so full of wit, *Apollo* sweares
The Gods a better Nectar broached here.
Then he that Cup-bearer to thee will prove
Must be a *Ganymede* fetcht from above
Or if he'l pledg thee here, he surely must
Speak like a Poet with a curious Gust;
Or else displume some Apollinean wing,
And a new *Mercury* below must bring.
Th' Imperiall Baies which minor Poets wore,
Was never twisted with such threeds before.
Their greenesse from thy Youth may painted be,
Their permanence from thy maturity.

The

The Muses when they fill'd these Cups, each one
Disgusts their old and makes these *Helicon* :
And to enhance thy worth, they keep in thee
Their own and th' *Cyprian* Queens Academy :
There they did all Commence, and though they strive
Thou mad'st each one's degree superlative ;
This in thy morn of Youth did soar to high
As th' early Larke of well-fledg'd Poetry:
And if thy rising Sun did blaze to soon
How will thy Splendor dazzle us at Noon ?
Sure those Meridian raies will make each man
Adore thy shadow and turne Persian.
Each beam of thine hath such Conspicuous light,
Twill puzzle Mathematicks to take thy height,
To take a prospect to thy heavenly Sphere
Not *Jacobs* Staffe but Ladder must be there;
If pens to praise (Imp't by thy wings) aspire,
From thee, *Prometheus* like, they must steale fire.
What Optick glasse can take thy altitude,
I'th' First or Second or Third magnitude?
Three of thy glorious Stars already sent,
To disinvelop Nights dark Firmament ;
Which could we disinsphere, each single one
Hath light to make a Constellation :
Each Volume's but an Index of thy mind
And shewes a better yet is left behind.
How prepnant doe's thy teeming brain appeare,
That thus conceives and brings forth every Year!
The first a miracle of Youth may well be stil'd,
Where Virgin Yeers brought forth an aged Child.
The *Cyprian* Queen first woo'd thee, then her Son
Made an Apologie and thus begun :
And thy Hymnean rites to solemnize
These Cups are broach'd thus thus to tantalize.

Married how can'st thou be to any Dame
When every Muse thy parts and arts do claime?
To one and yet to all th'art wed: for there
The Graces all concenter in thy Dear:
They claim thy Head, and She thy heart by vow
Though they plead contract, she pleads contract now
Thus may each Poet Prophet be and Priest,
And shew the Muses choice Polygamist.

THO. MOORE, *of the*
Inner Temple,

De



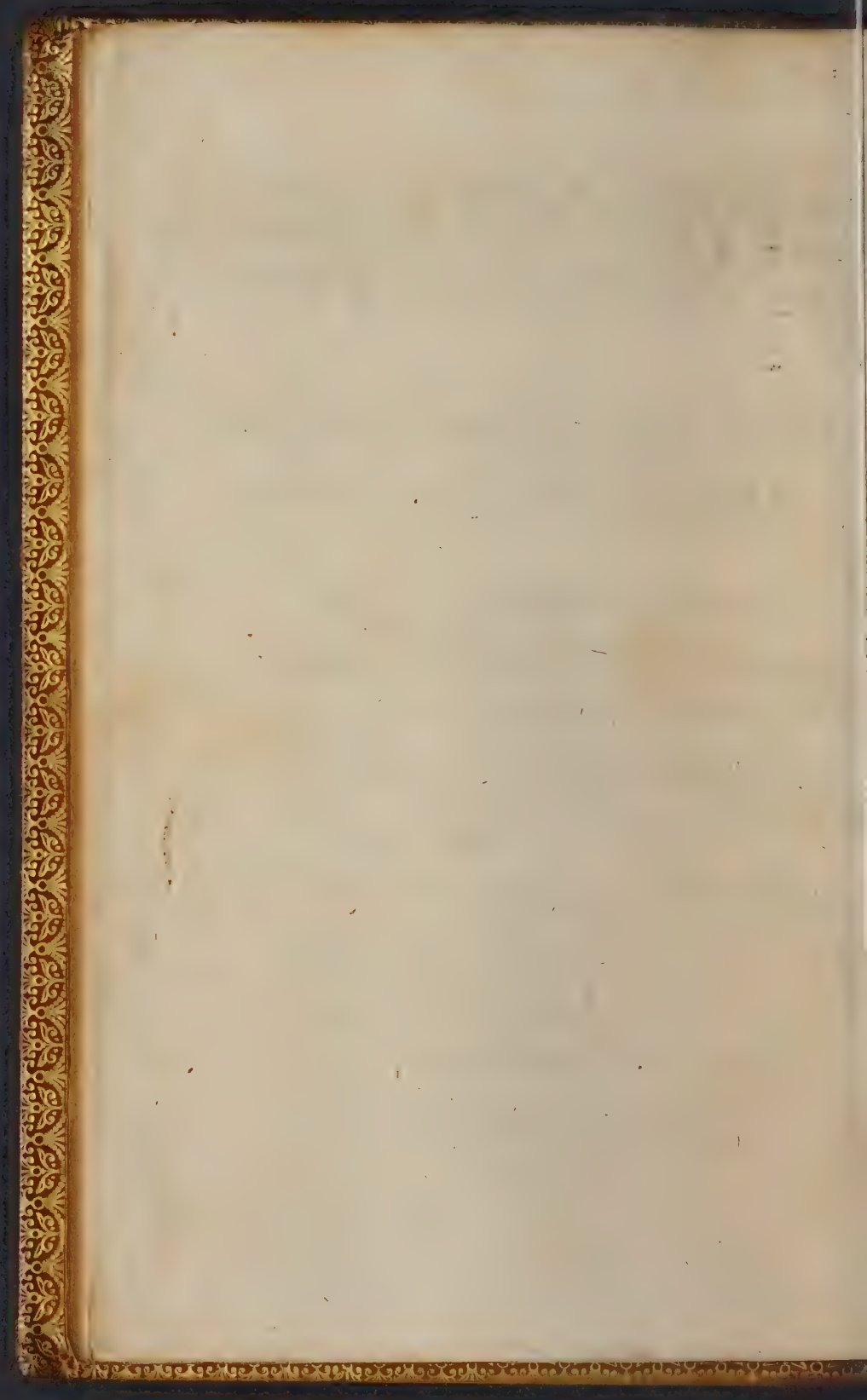
De Lauro effigiem Nobissilimi

Amici Rob Bar. circumvallante.

E*N*, tua, *Surgentes allato vertice Laurus*
Vt cingant ramis tempora docta suis.
Ecquid bonos major dixit, mea Laurus, Apollo?
(Dixit & Aonii turba novenna chori)
Ecquid honos major? quam summo principe vatans
Ornari, quem fas, castus & ardet Amor.
Bacche Pater, tua rura colet decorata racemis
Bassidum effuso Neētare tincta cohors;
Frons mea, (Caesarea veluti dominator Arenā)
Gaudeat, ex domini laude superba sui,
Sitque triumphatrix, qualis Vulcania conjux,
Quam rotat Idalii candida biga Dei.
Saepe ego mirabar quid talia verba volebant,
Exposuit gryphos Delius ipse suos;
Laurus Virgineo dat solus Apollo Poeta:
Sola dat impuro myrtea fersa Venus.

Raptim,

C. E. Art Bacchi



THE
AUTHORS
MOTTO.

*Quâ obtineam est tentanda via INDELEBILE
NOMEN,
Quod nec Fata queant, nec edax abolere ve-
tustas.*

Le blow the Mount to Atomes, but i'l climbe
I Its steep fork'd Top, and triumph over Time.
How shal I pluck from's iron teeth my Name,
That Bards unborne yet, may embalm'e't with
To last for aye? This PHOEBUS meant should be (same
A chiefe effect of my nativity.
Ne'r did JAPETUS son to wonder frame
His manly Statue, and inspire't with flame
'ilch'd from LOVE's Harth, meaning he should ascend
The Stage, there Scrape a Leg, and so descend.
or if a man should be brought forth, and cry,
nd score a score of Lust'ers up, then Die,

The Authors MOTTO.²

And steale into his grave with no more noise
Than a blacke Ribband makes, or branch of Bayes,
And there lie mouldring under a silent stone
That courts no eyes to read th' Inscription;
He were like *Glow-wormes* that creep out i'th' dark
At th' bottom of the Hedge, whilst no eyes mark,
If any difference 'twixt them there be
The Wormes skin *shines* more than his *memory*.
Since tis decreed then, by Impartiall *Fate*
Wee all must be reduced soone, or late
To our first Principle, *Dust*, Its my intent
To reare my selfe a death-lesse MONUMENT:
Not that I doe desire to shrowd my bones
The labour of an Age in piled stones,
Or that my worthlesse Ashes should be hid
Under a skie-invading *Pyramid*.
For we of *Delphos* may secure our Fames
By inscribing in Times brazen leaves our names.
It is enough that wee in each mouth raise
A speaking Statue to our long-liv'd praise.

Rouze then *Invention*, and call *Judgement* in,
I know my taske, teach me how to begin
And perfect this great work. But first of all
Of what perennious materiall
Shall I erect my MONUMENT, to last
Strong as the *Poles*? sweet as the fragrant *East*?
Cleer and perspicuous as noones bright eye
Whilest he shall hold forth light to see it by?
Shall I court curst *BELLONA* with intent
To carve out with my sword my MONUMENT?
No: th' Pen out lasts the Pike, and in mine eare
MINERVA's Pipe sounds than her *Trump* more cleer.
Ile wear no spungie *Busse*, nor fortifie
My selfe (my little citty) martially

With

The Authors MOTTO.

With walls and countermures of steel; when I
Court *Ajax* shield, and the Art of Engenry
Its chiefly to oppose and keep the stout
And haughty foes of Virtue, Passions, out.

MARS shall not see me lockt in Brasse, or wield,
A speare againe, Ith blood-bedabled Field;
Unlesse my PRINCE, *Honor*, and *Virtues* cause
Call to assert their Rights, and equall laws.
But should I (as young Lyons new taught to prey
Invade the Herds) flow like a violent sea
On hostile Troops, or arm'd with wroth and heate
Plough up whole Armies and wall'd Townes subvert;
Or enter breaches like a winter floud
Till the resisting Cities swim in blood;
The same o'th' deed with th' next *Gazet* would burne
And with the rac'd Forts ashes find its urne.

Actions, though ne'r so arduous and high
Have no more life than one mans memory,
Unlesse some hallowed *Pen* in *Castaly's*
Sweet *Nectar* dipt give them eternity.
Romes glory (for whom *Fame* flew greater then
For other men) his acts had sullied been
With Dust of Time, had not his wiser skill
Againe done o'r, and brisht them with his *quill*.
Halfe's Tenure in his *Booke*, not all in's *Sword*
Lay, *Ex ntroque* CESAR was the word.

Letters boast longer life than *Porphyry*
Or *Marble*, onely these can never die.
The Chapell sacred to great MARO's name
May sinke under Times weight, but not his fame,
That shall new burgeon in his high-rear'd straine,
And in his *Verse* his *Bay* shall sprout againe.
Though others wither, onely this chaste *Tree*
Fram stormes, from blasting, and from bolts is free.

The Authors MOTTO.

Not N A S O's face ingraven in Rings of Gold
And worne by *Princes*, made his fame so old,
But his sweet M V S E that soar'd so even, yet high,
This, this 'twas tooke from him the power to die.
Trophies and Crownes i'th Field are but halfe given
I'th Study halfe. Deeds glorious as Heaven
Till *Poesie* send them 'bout the World to run
On even measur'd feet, are but halfe done,
They are not fiedg'd till imp'd with th' *Poets* Quill
(The chiefest feather in *Fames* wing) his skill
Reads men and Deeds their doomes, his breath, like Fate
Can what he please make or annihilate.
He gilds o'r *Princes* Crownes, his numbers can
Make Ease tast bitter, sweet Affliction.
Was not neat O V I D, a poore exil'd thing,
More honour'd than *Affyria's* wanton King
Melting to lust at home? —
Conquer'd *Troys* Son, and conquering *Latium's* Sire,
Lost not so much blisse by the *Midwives* ire,
As by that golden Trumpet of his Deeds
V I R G I L, hee gain'd; 'twas he rais'd up his Head
To Heaven with Statues: though the hot youths *Flame*
Wasted the Towne 'twas He preserv'd the name.
Thou not immortall art great T H E T I S son,
For being dipt in *Stix* but *Helicon*,
By the *blind Bard*: He left not out thy heele,
Deaths dart thou, nor thy name, no more shalt feel.
Great He (the *Muses* high Priest) travelling
To lift unto the Starres the *Ithacan* King,
A Monument eternall hath brought forth
Which shall from eating Age preserve them both.
Of *Princes* this, of *Poets* that the *Glory*,
H O M E R by U L Y S S E S live, he by his story.

The Authors MOTTO.

PALLAS strong arm (there) heaves them both so high
That Kings for such a Tombe would wish to die.
These Tombes shall live, and will admirers have,
Although MAVSOLUS his prove its own grave,
And needs a MUSE that memory to afford
T'its selfe, that it should doe unto his Lord.

Since their names longest last whom their owne terse,
Or others pens embalme with sacred *Verse*,
By this Ile strive to be no sluggard knowne,
And to make every Age to come mine owne.
Ile court the Sister Quire with praises meet,
To teach my words to run on measur'd feet.
At PHOEBVS Shrine my vows i'l make and pay,
And on his Altar *Sacrifices* lay
And pil'd-up *Hecatombes* : His Harths I'l feast
With odors fragrant as the *Phoenix* nest.
Sweet gummes shall smoak in curles, and in his fire
Spice crackling yeeld sounds pleasant as his lyre,
In his wise eare : Thither my sweet-breath'd prayer
Shall up in clouds of Incense climbe ; the aire
My *Hymnes* shall lull ; Heap'd perfumes pious light
With flames full cleer, and as his own raies bright
Shall gild his *Fane*, till he unsealed hath
The holy *Fount* ; there will I drench and bath
My braines, till they from earth and thicknesse are
Refin'd, and pure as are those streames ; I'l there
With crown'd bowles swell me, till my fancy flies
Neer Heaven, entranc'd and fill'd with extasies,
Then sing notes worthy his owne Harpe, and prove
The Acts o'th' *Theban* and EVRYDICE'S Love
No truthlesse tales, for duller things my *Leyes*
Shall nimblier move, and stranger structures raise.
I'l scrue the spheres up higher, and lend agen
The Harmony of their round race to men.

The Authors MOTTO.

Ile fix th' Almighty *Poets Pen* upon
The *Zodiacke* a Constellation.
If *MOMVS* snarles, in drumming tunes my wrath
Shall rime the Dog, like *Irish Rats*, to death.
In keen Iambick's Ile untrulle the Elve
Till he runs mad, or wisely hangs himseife
LYCAMBES like. Ile squirt his eyes with Inke
Shall rot the wretch, his Libels *Leth'* shall drinke.
Or plac'd above his reach, his rage Ile scorne,
And laugh to see his shafts on's owne pate turne.
Ile make each friend a Star, and fill the skies
Unfurnish'd roomes with them, and give more eyes
To Heaven to see those *Hero's* I will seat
Borne up by Statues, on a *Pyramede*
Of Glory in my Poems; I shall be
Eterniz'd thus by them, and they by me.
Then if no *Issue of my Loynes* convey
My Spirit downe unto *Posterity*,
That of my *braine* will: my lov'd *Poetry*,
My *Son* my *History* and *TOMBE* shall be.

R. B.

MARTIAL.

*Carminibus nec Fata nocent, ac secula profant,
Solaque non norunt hac MONUMENTA mori.*

FORTVNES
TENNIS-
BALL.

A MORAL FABLE.

The Author R. B. Gent.

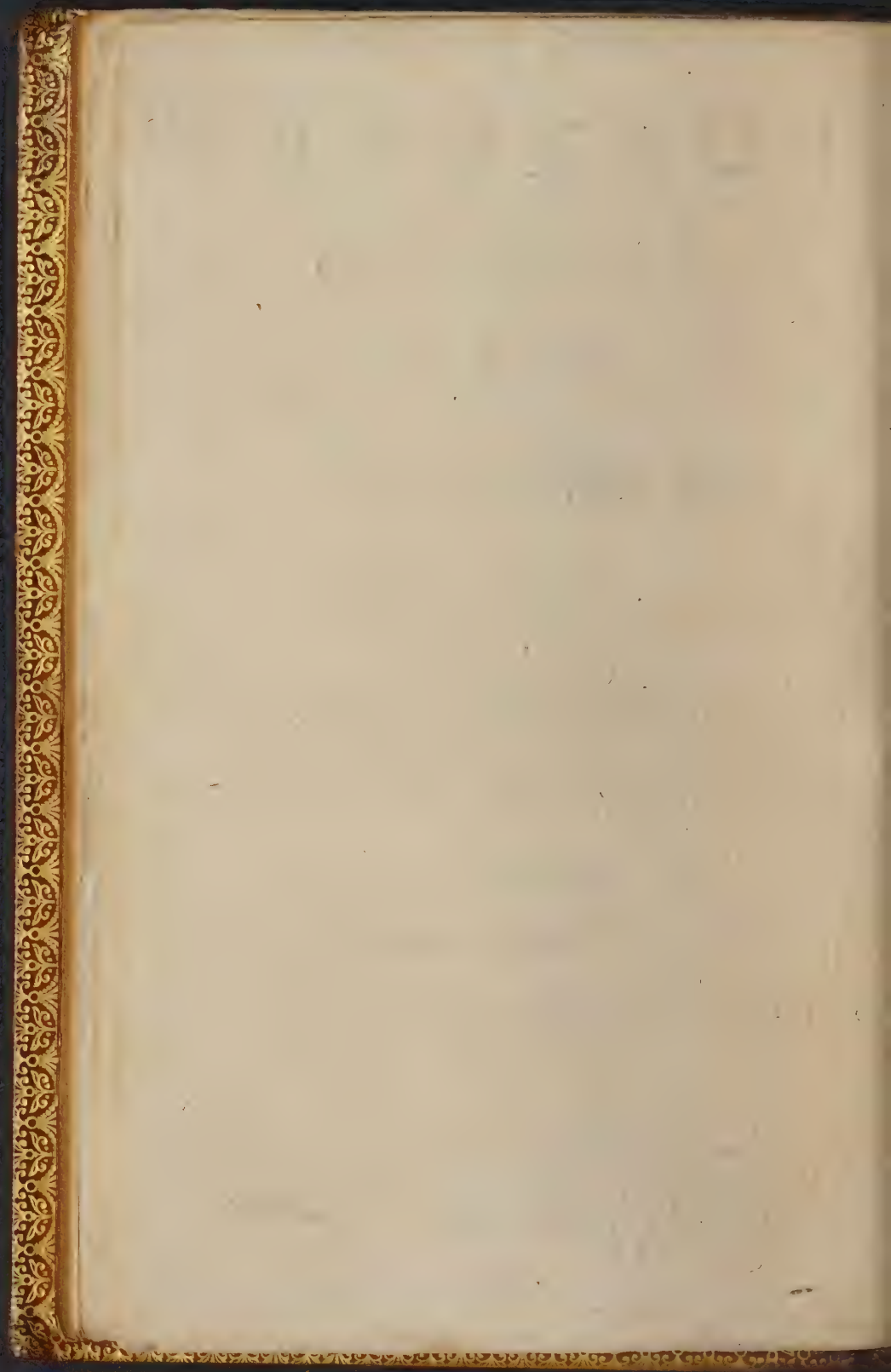
JUVEN.

Si FORTVNA volet fies de Rhetore Consul.

LONDON,

Printed by W. H. for Tho: Dring.

1650.



TO
The Choicest of my Noble
Friends,
JOHN WROTH
Esquire.

 I'm big with love. How
shall I (gentle WROTH)
Set it, and th' cause of it,
thy merit, forth?

I'm no rare *Herald* to fetch far thy
name,

Or patch together *coates* to cloath
thy *Fame*,

Yet I doe more than that when call
thee *Good*;

For Vertue's higher noblenesse than
blood.

I'm

The Epistle

I'm no grave *Antiquary*, to pre-
sent
Old *Medals*, or some dusty Mo-
nument
Of some great Ancestor, by Re-
liques foes
Envy and Time, rob'd of an *Eare*
or *Nose*.
For WORTH I will not rake their
sleeping *Urnes*,
That which but glow'd in them, in
thee bright *burnes*.
Thee, who had old *Rome* in her
Glory seen,
Thou 'mongst her *hundred Statues*
plac'd had'st been:
But safe in them thy *Name* could
not have stood,

From

Dedicatory.

From Times sharp teeth, even *them*
he makes his food.

The *Memphian* wonders that so
long did boast

Their neighbourhood and kin to
Heaven, are forc't

To bow their proud tops, and be-
gin a new

Acquaintance with low Earth,
where first they grew.

Rhodes haughty *Colosse* that bestrid
the Floud,

Is now but Aier wherein once it
stood,

And needs the everlasting MUSE to
tell

The World it once had such a Mi-
racle.

The Epistle

The MUSE 'twas furnish'd *Heaven*
with *Deities*,
Fames Roll with *Hero's*, and with
Stars the Skies.

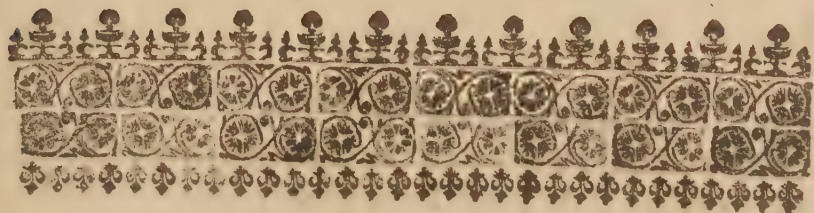
Her workes will last, 'twas She that
Power did give
To some men longer than those
Pyles to live.

And if that I finde grace with
her to grow
In favour, shee shall doe much
more for you.

Tours,

More than mine own.

ROBERT BARON.



TVCHESPHAIRA:

OR,

FORTUNES TENNIS BALL.

I.

Reat CESAR's Barne, *Romes* life, and Granary,
 G That so august, so great, so fertile Isle,
 Where th' kicking Monster on his back doth lie,
 Spitting forth flames through the *Aetnean* pile,
 Whose smothering smoke, & sparkles at random driven
 Do seem to lend new clouds and Starres to Heaven.

2.

THEREVTVS rul'd; A far worse man than King,
 A Zealous Vot'ry of DIANA's borne,
 His still voice made each Quire of Eccho's ring,
 His onely musicke was the Hunting Horne,
 And came to see his flapmouth'd kennell follow
 The chace, and yelping keep time with his hollow.

3.

3.

Neere to *Palermo* was a flowrie valley,
 Levell'd and trim'd by sweating Mowers hand,
 Some Rivolets slide swift, some slowly dally
 With the even bosome of the fluced Land.

There Nature wanton was, and the high way
 Did seeme incloled, though it open lay.

4.

Pastures in *FLORA's* tapst'rie clad were gay,
 With golden eares to pay the Ploughmans fees
 Each field shon bright, the scaly Nations play
 In flowing cristall, fring'd with wavering trees.

As if Industry joynd with Art to nice
 To represent or excell Paradise.

5.

But to what end if man was banish'd thence,
 Was this Elizian Palace of delight?
 What though the West hath gems, th' East Frankincense,
 If this feasts not our smell, nor those our sight?

What ere is faire or good was made for use,
 And the not use of things is things abuse.

6.

No wight durst tread that in-vaine pleasant soyle,
 For the adjoyning Thicket and curl'd Grove
 Shelter'd a Boar *AMYN'TAS* hopes did spoile,
 Like him that toar from Love-sick Love her Love.

This fate (*Woods* mutter) he deserv'd, hunting there,
 When *VENUS* would be's Parke, if he her Deere.

7.

7.

His jawes with double sword, his back was arm'd
With a set Battaile of Pikes sharpe and brisly,
His crooked tushes flew, not lightly harm'd
What ere he kist with's Urchin inout so grisly.
His foam besnow'd the trampled corn, the fair
Meads he plough'd up, his fume inflam'd the aire.

8.

The Rosie-finger'd Morn did there disclose
Her beauty ruddy as a blushing Bride,
Gilding the Marygold, painting the Rose,
With Indian Chrysolites her cheekes were dy'd :
But when this Monster rouz'd him in the vale,
Feare chas'd her blush, and frighted Day look't pale.

9.

The Sun durst not see him devoure his Prey,
But peeping through the leaves of Poplars green,
They shak'd; and trembling streames did run away
Groaning, and crowding strove to passe unseen.
Birds, Beasts, yea buzzing Flies petition'd Nature
To stop his breath, or change his ugly feature.

10.

This prodigy of Nature and the Wood,
The fields Mower, the Mowers terror, water'd
Parch'd droughty Pastures with a crimson flood,
Then made them white with bones of bodies slaughter'd.
Hardie THEREVTVS long'd to see this Beast,
(Fierce as himselfe) come smoaking to a feast.

B

11.

11.

His Hounds by fast made eager of the Prey,
 His Javelin whetted sharpe as Crocea Mors,
 Clad all in green, as he were Son of May,
 He mounts his well-breath'd wind-out-running Horse.
 Now like the God that beares the silver Bow,
 Encountring with huge *Python*, did he show.

12.

Ere village Cocks (the Labourers shrill Alarms)
 Had thrice done Salutation to the morne,
 He rouzed Eccho from *NARCISsus* armes,
 Instead of *CHAUNTICLEER* his earely Horn
 Call'd *PHOSPHORVS* in the milkie way,
 And Nights faint shades flew fore his conquering Ray.

13.

AURORA blushed to be found in Bed.
 The Greenes with Roseall dew did wash their face
 'Gainst *SOL's* uprise; the Howers opened
 Heavens folding gates, through which with awfull pace
 Bright *TITAN* issued, cloath'd in Tissue gay,
 Attended by his spangled Page, the Day.

14.

The Aire's all noise, the hot-sent-snuffing Hounds
 Awak'd the Terrour with their challenging knell.
 In swelling rage the innocent Earth he wounds,
 And like three-headed Porter (*Swisse*) of Hell,
 Rush'd forth resolv'd to breake his fast on them
 That durst presume so neer his Den to come.

Fortunes Tennis-Ball.

5

15.

As fell ME DUS A covetous of slaughter
Did drive the waves before his mighty breast,
Shaking his eares above the troubled water,
Disgorging new seas from his monstrous chest,
Extending yawning Jawes : so shew'd this Swine
Fiend-like as he, fierce as the angry Brine.

16.

As cowards vaunt ere wreath'd brasse bids the Base,
Bragging they'l shoostings make of guts of foes,
But when MAR S seizeth for Deaths use the place,
And all whom courage rescues not, and blowes,
Then Palsie feare supprize their joynts, which fright
Doth knock together, and make another fight.

17.

So th' mungriff currs, erst bold as to defie
The unseen Monster, (so rash is rage) now stand
Afraid to view him with halfe open eye,
Gazing like Armies in the Netherland.
Finding their balefull foe so grim and curst,
They all strain court'sie which should cope him first.

18.

When Trumpets loud Tantarra to the fight,
Blowes make bruiz'd Armour's Eccho to the noise :
So th' Horne into these Dogges infus'd new spirit,
Their mouthes they spend, and are become all voyce,
The airy Queen (sounds child) each yell replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

B 2

19.

19.

The merry Horne fill'd with couragious breath,
 Proclamed Parley to the woods grim wonder.
 He stoutly scorn'd the summons of his Death,
 And mockt their challenges with his mouthes thunder.
 The busie flies he snarl'd at, and did chase
 His owne foule shadow on earths wrinkled face.

20.

The Boare his Tuske in many a Dog did sheath,
 Their goar, his foam, like blood with milke bespread
 (Whilst them he tols'd now over now beneath,
 His fangs and head) bepainted all with red
 His frothy mouth. The Hounds are at a Bay,
 The eager cry still 'ith' same place doth stay.

21.

Howling with anguish here's a brace of Hounds,
 There lay two other dew-bedabbled wretches
 Kennel'd in Brakes, licking their venom'd wounds,
 Shaking their eares, tatter'd and torne with scratches,
 Their stiffe tailes 'gainst the grasse they clap and beat,
 And lard the thirsty ground with blood and sweat.

22.

When th' Huntsmans voice spoke Terror to the Boar,
 Terror the Parasite Eccho said, like him.
 When th' churlish Swine Death to the Dogs did roare
 Death said the flatterer, like the beast so grim.
 As Apes do postures she mock'd every cry,
 Thus newters doe with either side comply.

23.

The blunt Boar scorning to be kept in mew,
To ly besieg'd by snarling Curs too proud,
Like the Lernean Snake he rousing shew,
And rush'd through the-in-vaine opposing croud.
Swift as a Roe up to the Hills he flew,
The hot-spur'd Hunters, with full cry pursue.

24.

By this the Fountaine of Light low did run,
Inchanting *Philomel* chanted her *Vesper*,
The silver erst, now golden (setting) Sun
Trebled each shade; the Owle peep'd out with *Hesper*.
Green TETHYS from her sweaty bed thrust Night,
Expecting there her far more fair delight.

25.

All on a sudden Darkeness doubled was,
Flashes and noise the moving Skie distracted,
BOREAS sung terrour in a blustry base,
Both Night and Winter in a storm contracted.
Thunder-bolts split the Cedars that aspir'd,
Their blasted tops the nimble Lightning fir'd.

26.

The dabled South, ruffe-footed *Aquilo*,
Came rushing like two Rams whose steeled Horns
Dart fiery sparks and Stars; the Clouds crush'd so
Breath flames: the Air distill'd in rain and storms,
Which suffered no two together stay,
Each, as in shipwrack shift their severall way.

27.

No friendly Star or Moon-like Pylots kind
 (Oh Fate of Darkneſſe !) guide them on their way,
 The formoſt curſe them that did lag behind,
 And they the formoſt; all ride on and ſtray.

Their voices all are ſpent, and they that follow
 Can track the firſt no longer by their hollow.

28.

They wander and take Bridges to be Stiles,
 When King THEREVTVS (from his train alooſe)
 In ſpight of Night and error, ſpies the whites,
 A ſmall light glimmering in a ſmoak dri'd roof.

Thither he makes, ſuch ſtraglers as theſe are,
 A Candle weak admire more than a Star.

29.

His Highneſſe meant not to diſcover here,
 His true eſtate, and greatneſſe of his name,
 'Cause he would not affright the Cottager,
 But learn what of himſelf ſaid common fame.

So through his Camp diſguiſ'd went PHILIP'S Son,
 To hear how opinions Tide on him did run.

30.

In this low thatch'd patch'd Graung dwelt ADELING,
 A Swaine whoſe quiet life honeſty compleated,
 Of him the wandring unattended King
 A homely lodging for that Night entreated,
 The poor wight (rich in love and gentle words)
 Proffers the beſt his humble ſhed affords.

31.

Then set he 'fore his Guest (whom he not knew)
Sweet Growte, and Whig, and Flap-jacks of fine meal,
A sheeve of household bread of nut-brown hue,
Cheese white as Milke, nor lack'd there bonney Ale,
Nor Wildings and ripe fruits, which to the eye
Gave pleasing tast ere they the mouth came nigh.

32.

The King with unexcited Appetite,
Appeas'd his craving Maw with these plain Cates;
Then did he halfe envy the secure Wight,
With whom of Shepherds easefull lives he chats,
Praising a Cottage 'bove a slippery Court,
To which the Hind replied in such sort.

33.

" A Prince that in the Cedars top doth build,
" And scornes the Sun, and dallies with the Wind,
" Only a Title hath his care to gild,
" His gay robe's lined with a restlesse mind.
" They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,
" And falling from on high, the more they break them.

34.

" The more we graspe the Waves the lesse we hold :
" So who seekes ease in greatnesse, ease him flies.
" Just as the Persians did by slaves of old,
" Fate doth by Kings, Crown them for Sacrifice.
" Glories, like Glow-wormes, a far off shine bright,
" But look'd to neer have neither heat nor light.

35.

- "The Court is Fortunes cheating Lottery,
 "Where places are like to the Beds that fill
 "An Hospitall, where this mans head doth lie
 "At that mans feet, so lower and lower still.
 "When a Star glides (we say) a Child is born,
 "So this Lard mounts when that slips into scorne.

36.

- "Souldiers, whose prize is praise, and Trophies skars,
 "When they through new red seas for many a year
 "Have swam to glory, become Astronomers,
 "And Almanacks in their dry bones they bear;
 "Or they turn Geometricians, and so
 "Practice their Art on crutches as they go.

37.

- "Tough pale-fac'd study bookish men doth pine,
 "This is that Vulture which PROMETHEVS tore;
 "Merchants that dwell with Fish in the blew brine,
 "Oft lose their lives seeking t' increase their store;
 "The toyling Craftsman drinketh his own sweat,
 "And out hard iron hammereth his meat.

38.

- "Content the Shepherds Cottage onely fills,
 "With th' earely Sun he doth his Flock unfold,
 "And all day long on easie climbing Hills
 "Or flowrie Plaines he merry chat can hold,
 "Or indite Sonnets in an amorous vein,
 "And with the setting Sun he folds again.

39.

“ Then jogging home he turnes a Crab, or else
“ He tunes a round, or sings some chearly rime,
“ Or on the tongs he counterfeits the Bells,
“ Nor lacks he gleefull tales to cheat slow time.
“ There sits he, and whilst round the bowle doth trot,
“ Sings care away, till he to bed hath got.

40.

“ There sleepes he sound, forgetting morrowes cares,
“ Ne stormes, ne frayes, ne crack of credit lost,
“ Ne blasts he feares, nor uttering of his wares,
“ Nor franklier spends than's Flock defrayes the cost.
“ Swains sleep and make more quiet nights and daies
“ Than their great care-bit Lords, whose herds they graze

41.

“ Low set and richly warme, our Proverb wot,
“ Dangers o'r fly us, mischiefes hit the high,
“ Content's the Crown, this is the Shepherds lot;
“ A King is but a Man, and so am I.
“ Not to compare, I would not change my place,
“ With great THEREVTVS, Heaven shield his Grace.

42.

Now leaden sleep 'gan weigh their eye-lids down,
The Lamp with darknesse strove, being almost spent.
When th' weary King (half out of love with's Crown)
Unto a cleanly, though scarce soft, Bed went,
Sleep is not tied to softnesse, more soundly
Hinds rest than they that in downe smother'd lie.

43.

When slumber had shut in, and MORPHEVS bar'd
 The windowes of his soule, and lock'd out care,
 I'th silent time of night a voice he heard
 As from above, calling to Him Fear, Fear.
 Lost in amazement did he then uprise
 Frighted, as Soldiers taken in surprize.

44.

As did DAMETAS when PAMELA fled,
 He struts about the room with hair upright:
 And cries, who calleth, but is answered
 Only by ECCO, and the Bird of Night.
 Then takes he's Bed again, and this fright numbers
 Amongst the mockries of unquiet slumbers.

45.

The next voice touch'd his Organ was Yeeld, Yeeld.
 Then wak'd in's mind a thought of trechery.
 Amidst these sweaty doubttings he beheld
 The Genius of the Graunge before his eye,
 Crown'd with such Chaplets as adorne a Wake:
 Bowing his Cornu-copiae, thus he spake.

Mighty Souveraigne,

I am come
 From the blest Lalarium,
 The seat of the Household Gods,
 Where th' Lares have their quiet abodes,

To

To tell thee 'tis the Thunderers will,
Thou call'st to mind his Oracle,
Which when thou asked'st who should be
Thy Succesor, thus answerd thee.

The Oracle.

When a Lamp shall be thy Star,
And thou both King and Cottager,
And when thou to Bed shalt go
Twice in one night, then shalt thou know.

The Resolution.

This is the Time, the Lamp whose light
Brought thee hither, thy Star I hight.
Whilst here thou dwel'st with ADELING,
Th'art Cottager as well as King.
You left, and took again, this Night
Your Bed, being seiz'd and rid of fright.

Know then, Great, and as good, King,
APLOTE daughter of ADELING
This night has borne a smiling Boy,
The Gransires hope, the Mothers joy,
The Heire by his Nativity
To Natures wealth, Fates Poverty.
But Fortune meanes in him to show
How great she can from meannesse grow.
Architects low foundations lie,
When they intend the building high.

- " See ! how the spangles of the Night
 " Doe sparkle with unusuall light,
 " Heaven puts his cloudy tresses by,
 " And smiles on him with open skie,
 " Whilst all the Planets seem to throw
 " Their Golden radience at his brow,
 " Which by reflection Divine
 " Shall thence upon his Subjects shine.
 " Th' Imperiall Thunderer, with her
 " That Crownes *ad placitum* confer,
 " Have sworn by the salt Stygian Floods,
 " That glide through the darke Midnight Woods,
 " That Hee, and his redoubted race,
 " (Whose Acts shall break Fames wind to blaze)
 " Shall wear (thee dead) thy Diadem,
 " And adde more Lustre to the Jem.
 " Seek not to cross Fate, lest (wave like)
 " You break upon the Rock you strike.
 " Strive not against the stream. Alas !
 " Who spits at Heaven, spits in's own face.

46.

The Genius vanished, THERENTUS laid,
 a mixt Passion betwixt feare and hate.
 To sleep he saw with's prickling eyes, which straid
 On objects of his fall, his Heiers state.
 Soft sleep requires of thoughts a vacancy,
 Shee dwels in TITYRVS's not TIBERIVS eye.

47.

By this the Quiristers o'th' Wood did shake
 Their wings, and sing to the bright Suns uprise,
 Whose new embroaderie did gild and make
 Rich houses tops, and leaves of whistlings Trees.
 Modest morn blush'd 'cause SOL saw'r rise from Bed,
 AS LIBER had her cheekes with Claret spread.

48.

The King descending said. "Come Envie, come,
 "Here will be subject for thy pin'd snakes; hurle
 "About this Brats neck evry loving worm
 "In clinging foulds, till I bid them uncurle
 "And break their knots, and shoot at length, and hide
 "Their keen trifork't stings in his malic'd side.

49.

Then with a smoothed Front he bad good Day,
 And happy Omens to old ADELING,
 Asking, "What noise was that chas'd sleep away,
 "Sounding like cries of women travelling?
 Quoth th' Hind, "I hope in good time my desire
 "This night has crown'd and made me a Grandfire.

50.

May thy joyes grow with's yeares, said the great Guest,
 And ask'd the Swain on's hopes young pledge to look,
 In swadling bands the Babe he brought forth drest,
 Whom in his Royall armes the Monarch took,
 So flattering JUNO hugg'd poor SEMELE
 I'th' likenesse of her Nurse old BEROE.

51.

51.

Whilst here (with S I N O N-like imbrace) he held
 The tender Child, the Cottage black Cat ran
 Betwixt his legs, and mew'd, whereat (hee fil'd
 With deep sense of the Prodigie) waxt wan,
 Knowing such was an Omen of the fall
 Of great *SEIANUS* FORTUNES TENNIS-BALL.

52.

But thinking his state 'bove chance, as his sp'rit
 He call'd home Man, and did himself regain,
 "And ask'd his Host if he knew who that night
 "Had been his Guest? A friend, I hope, (quoth th' Swain)
 "Whom I desire what use you here do find,
 "To measure not by 'ts own worth, but my mind.

53.

"How much are we a Captive to thy Love?
 "(The Prince replid,) which we with wealth and style
 "Will guerdon. Know who did thy kindnesse prove
 "Is the Imperiall Monarch of this Isle,
 "THEREVTVS, who thy humble Shed will raise
 To greatnes crown'd with wreaths of Oak and Bayes.

54.

"Nay use thy legs, (the wight die kneel and shake,)
 "Since we thy Guest were when this Bird broke forth
 "The shell (his first Cage) tis our will to take
 "Him to our Court (the forge of States and worth)
 "There (if vice checks not) will we him advance
 "'Bove Envies sting, or griping reach of chance.

55.

55.

Baptize him TVCHESPHAIRA, but this make
Thy Province, with maternall Love and Fear
To foster him, our selfe will send and take
Him to the tutele of our Royall care,
“ Ere twice Times measurer, the Nimble Sun,
“ Hath made the Toure of Heaven, and his race run.

56.

Left Fairies should put him among their rapes,
He mark'd him with his signet on the front,
So pliable's the Virgin wax of Babes
To take what figure you please stamp upon't.
Here's a poor Sheep for th' shambles mark'd, and hate;
Thus doth man purpose, but dispose doth Fate.

57.

A Troop of Courtiers shining bright and gay,
Broad-ey'd in quest of the last-night-lost King
(By diligent scrutiny being led this way)
Here found him, mingling breath with ADELING.
He mounted (guarded so) with JOVE-like port,
His course for to direct to his longing Court.

58.

But making to an Elme of cleanly growth,
Whereon he (lest thereby betraid should be
To his Hosts knowledge his great state and worth)
Had hung his Crown, sifted from the chaste Tree;
Which (like a Charm) 'gainst Thunder fenc'd his head,
He found one half of't withered and dead.

59.

59.

A Prodigie able to have seiz'd the sense,
 And routed all powers of a mortall breast.
 But he (of Passions, well as men, a Prince)
 Soon gather'd up himself, and them suppress.
 And since game's Heleborum, he once more,
 To chase sad thoughts away, would chase the Boar.

60.

The jolly Horn did chase the blunt Beasts ears,
 And with loud accents lent the Woods a voice.
 He, whose tough brawny sides were prooffe 'gainst spears,
 Eccho'd the jangling pack with as great noise.
 The game is rouz'd, the Fiend from's Cabin springs,
 Pursuit like lightning puts on Eagles wings.

61.

The Swine unto a Bay was soon brought, since
 The last daies labour being stiffe and soar,
 The Hounds beleager'd him, and the brave Prince
 With's Javelins point his churlish breast did gore.
 He, wounded, howles, The Huntsmen fill the skies
 With's many holla's, as the brute with cries.

62.

Even as a ravenous red-bearded Pack
 Of Serjants, hale (with taunts) a poor Bankrouter,
 Some drawing on, some thrusting at his back,
 To one 'oth' City Pounds, the killing Compter:
 The Dogs seiz'd so, behind some, some before,
 Wounded and drag'd along the gasping Boar.

63.

63.

See of a Tyrans death an Emblem fair !
 The grim Swines head (even dreadfull although kil'd)
 Fixt on a Pole was carried in the air.
 Thousands whose smiling mouths glad Peans fil'd,
 To meet the Conquerer, came out the Citty,
 His Paths with boughs they fil'd, his eares with Ditty;

Song.

I.

Substited *Hero*, no more thine owne Trump be,
 To tell how you tamed th' Arcadian Boar :
 Her terrible pawes so rudely did thump thee
 As even yet thy broad back and bones are full sore.
 THEREVTVS doth claim all our praise as his due,
 Alas ! we have none at all left us for you.

2.

Archer of Heaven, sure-handed APOLLO ;
 Vaunt you no more of the huge Pythons slaughter,
 But whistle to Cut, and still thy Cart follow,
 Founder not thy Team to tickle us with laughter.
 THEREVTVS doth claime all our praise as his due,
 Alas ! we have none neither left us for you.

3.

Bright Youth that wert got in a showre of Gold
 By Heavens Cuckold-maker, never more warble
 Thy victory over *Medusa* of old
 That turn'd all that look'd upon her to Marble.
 THEREVTVS of all our Praise hath bereft us,
 For any other we have no more left us.

64.

Now Muse to reach the Forest put on wing,
 There taste the Rose, and suck in subtlier air,
 And visit TVCHESPHAIRA, who (fond thing)
 Thou shalt please better with a Plumb or Pear
 Than lists of's honours upon honours pyl'd,
 I'th morn a Poet's aptest, not a Child.

65.

Much of Mans sand through times wide glasse does run,
 Many of his freshest yeers do periods know.
 A long part of his Lives short web is spun
 E'r he considers what he's borne to doe.
 'Fore he begins his task, or knows what't was,
 Much time he had to do it in, doth passe.

66.

When PHOEBVS Race-nags almost twice had run
 Through the round Zodiac their full careere,
 His toung-strings 'gan to loose, and he begun
 To lispe argologies. In a whole year
 Though reason rears her Tribunall up in Man,
 [He cannot shew't so much as Parets can.

67.

Now, now began he to be like himselfe,
With purile vigour MARS, with forinitie
VENVS, Combin'd t' adorn th' dapper Elve,
Doubtlesse two Starres which glided from the skie
Have lighted in his beamy eyes, and there
Set fixt as in their high Olympick Sphere.

68.

Fair Cloris pluck't her Lillies, and bespred
Their silver wealth upon his brow so sleek,
His skin with Violets she enamelled,
And planted a fresh Rose on either cheek,
Where Nature painted them with fairer blush
Than ere they knew upon their Thorny bush.

54.

Corn crowned CERES with a golden crop
Uberiously his flourishing head hath grac'd,
Whereof each sprig is ripe and bows the top.
Courteous POMONA on his plump lips plac'd
Too early blushing Cherries, where they be
Far more inviting than upon the Tree.

55.

Did you not hear his Lallation, nor see
Him trip about like MAB, you'd think he were
(AS ABANTIADDES did ANDROMEDE)
Marmoreum opus, or some Statue rare
Carv'd out of Virgin wax, or Ivory pure,
Which had it wings would seem an Angel sure.

C 2

71.

71.

Now did he find his feet and gin to move
 Upon a wheele of danger, were it not
 Restrained, each thing an *ATROPOS* would prove
 His web to clip ere scarce to th' Rock it got,
 Or fatall Axe this new sprung spray to fell,
 Or Sextons hand to toule his passing Bell.

27.

But from the Court his good and evill sprung,
 There th' King chose out two Lords whom he much lov'd
 Men of sound Fame Cicilians among,
 Whose truths oft true as Truth its self had prov'd.
 To these he trusted all the former story,
 Adding thereto this cruell Mandatory.

73.

"Hast to the Grange, there with perfumed words
 "Demand the Infant in our Royall Name,
 "Then dig his side with your remorcelesse swords,
 "And bear to us the entrailles of the same.
 "We would not slay if we could safely save,
 "Yet than a Throne tis cheaper 'give a grave.

74.

"But seale your lips up, and be sons of night
 "And silence, if you have (which I not fear)
 "A chinck in you, through which this peeps to light,
 "Our reputation deeply wounded were,
 "You die like snuffe and stink, our self ly under
 "The lash of Censure, and tongues brutish Thunder.

75.

75.

The Lords repli'd, "Fate Love us as we lock
 "This secret deep from Day and peering foes,
 "Firm shall our Faiths stand as the Pirean Rock.
 "Be it your care to see what you impose,
 "Our Duty's to obey. Bright *Cicil's* Sun
 "You are a God, and your high will be done.

76.

Just as the King Decreed the Babe to slay,
 The Sea burst forth, and bellowing rag'd along,
 And half the City *Thindark* bore away.
 "So just is Heaven t' avenge the guiltlesse wrong.
 The Brine too in the haven turn'd fresh and sweet,
 As once before, when *DENIS* lost his seat.

77.

The Nobles hasted to the Swaine, so free
 From the loud Tumult and the roar of state,
 Of him the Infant they demanded ; Hee
 (Making each flowing eye wet griefes floudgate)
 Deliverd him fraught with a thousand blisses,
 Seal'd with as many ceremonious kisses.

78.

Homewards they took their way, and by and by
 Their bounding steeds they checked, having reacht
 A bushie Grove, pricking the lookers eye ;
 As if the Thornes them teares and pittie teacht,
 And shak't their armes, as if they'd let them know
 They meant to scratch them if they gave the blow.

79.

The Lords to execute the Kings command
 Emptied the sheath of the sharp threatening skive,
 For which the silly babe reacht forth his hand,
 Thrice touch'd and rac'd his tender skin the knife,
 And thrice his smiles drew forth their teares; once
 They did begin and ended as before. (more

80.

"Betide us Life or Death, live still (at least
 "For us) they said, and so threw down the blade.
 "Herein shall we obey our Sovereigne best
 "That he by our hand is not guilty made.
 "Who serves his Prince in what is judg'd unjust
 "By his own Law, serves not his power, but Lust.

81.

But 'cause the Monarch charged them to bring
 His entrailles, they a young Pig slew with hast,
 Resolv'd to bear his inwards to the King,
 Since every Man within is like this Beast.
 And some without, whom malice and strong Wine
 Make charlish as a Hog, drunk as a Swine.

82.

Since by a Wolfe *Romes* Founders suckled were,
 Great *CYRVS* by a Bitch rob'd of her young,
Troy's fire-brand, hot *PARIS*, by a Beare,
Jove by a Goat the swelling hills among,
 For this poor Innocent were there hopes as good
 If left to the wild Nurses of the Wood.

83.

83.

In an old hollow Oke, whose top a Swarme
Of Bees (the Muses Birds) had made their hive
They left the Child, with Gold, and 'bout his arm
Bracelets of Jems whose shine with's eyes did strive.
These their Loves gave, that who so him should find
Might be, if not for Loves, for wealths sake kind.

84.

The Lords then to the King did spur on hast
(Whose every thought 'bout their successe did wake,)
Shaking with scorn the entrails of the Beast,
Entring the Presence, thus they silence brake.
“Live Great THERIVTS, behold here all that
“The Wild Beasts teeth, have left of yonder brat.

85.

The King with Jvy armes his Lords embrac't,
(Who had made purchase of his Love for ever)
With looks for scorn fit, into fire he cast
The Pigs (he thought the Infants) Heart and Liver,
Saying, “Now Dreames are lies, the Delphic Rood
“A trunk of Fables, at best common wood.

86.

In the wild Defart TVCHESPAIRA laid
Whom the Bees fed with their Ambrosiall sweat,
Whilst with them, as with Birds, he (fearelesse) plaid,
Th' infected Animalls their stings forgat.
The Woods plum'd Quiristers forlook their neasts
To charme him with the wonder of their breasts.

C 4.

87.

87.

A full dug'd Hind came, and her milkie teat
 Gave to the lips of this poor out-cast creature,
 As 'twere his mothers breast he suck'd thereat.
 Reader, think not this story crosseth Nature,
 But read on, and you'll say, in this the Hind
 Was to her selfe, as well as to him, kind.

88.

The fruit o'th' Hind (thus Nature wills) swels so
 In her straight womb she ne'r could bring it forth,
 If Jove did not his Queens task undergo,
 And (playing th' Midwife) helpe it to the birth.
 He tears the skies with thunder, which doth fright
 Her into Travell, and her young to light.

89.

The Fawne (well grown already) soon forsakes
 Th' pleasure o'th' teat for that of Liberty.
 The Dam pain'd with much Milk, which bulks and akes
 In her stiffe Dugs, oft succles willingly
 Creatures of different Species to ease her,
 Why might not he, as well as Beasts, then please her?

90.

EVSTACHVS, one o'th Kings grave Counsellours,
 (A Person both of Blood and Honour stockt
 In a long race of vertuous Ancestours)
 His mind, with deep Idea's tir'd, unlockt,
 And with delight to sweeten his State care,
 O'th' Woods side gat on foot the purblind Hare.

91.

The Dogs were at a fault, and flockt about
 Snuffing and fawning on the Infants Tree,
 Which made the Patriot (thinking they smelt out
 Some willy Fox there earth'd) ride up to see,
 Where, on his back, the smiling Boy he found
 Sucking the Hind, and stroaking of a Hound.

92.

'Cause with rich Jems and Gold so bright he shon
 The Lord of Parentage right Noble deem'd him,
 And bore him thence; Lacking himself a Son,
 He fostered, and as his own esteem'd him.
 Who prov'd (as he of Time had got the start)
 The Early Miracle of Armes and Art.

93.

But here the Reader is to be advis'd,
 That when this Youth found in the Forest was,
 EVSTACHVS (Ignorant he was baptiz'd
 Before he found him) nam'd him ULORVS,
 The which name he must bear, till my Mule can
 Ith' Songs close, call him TVCHESPAIR agen.

94.

THEREVTVS when bald time upon his wing
 Had stoln his fiftieth Yeer for a Jub'le
 Revoked exiles from pale wandering,
 Pardon'd State Cankers and set Captives free,
 And sham'd DARIVS in a solemne Feast,
 To which each man of name was call'd a Guest.

95.

Tilting the Day, masquing the Night chac't thence,
 Perfumes did raise sweet Mists in every room
 To keep the air in awe of the nice sense,
 Attalick garments cloath'd each swaggering Groom,
 Rich Tyrian Arras evry Wall, hung round
 With meddalls in old *Ganle* or *Carthage* found.

96.

Scorning (there ord'nary) Corinthian Plate
 Men quast in Stone at dearer prices sold,
 At Ivory tables, or wood of higher rate
 They eat, on quilted Beds of Silk and Gold.
 Their wanton talls had onely in request
 Newest and rarest things, though not the best.

97.

The feather'd River *Phasis* could not yeeld
 Them Fowle enow, nor Oysters *Lucrine* Lake,
 They spring each Thicket, Fowle each bush and Field,
 All seas they draw, all Ponds in nets they take,
Circes too (Natures Larder) do they seek
 To please the witty gluttony of a week.

98.

Lachryme Christi flow'd down, and the blood
 Of *Tuscan* Grapes swel'd high each joviall mind.
 Had Nature lost her Species, air her brood,
 Water her spawn, here might they seek, and find.
 APITIVS a *Carthusian* was to these,
 And *ÆSOPE*'s Platter a poor Scholars messe.

99.

The Pallace crackt with weight of thronging Guests
As Theaters when som fine flock is on,
EVSTACHVS there was seen among the rest,
And with him VLORVS, his reputed Son.
Who now wrot man, and full of hopes most high,
Assam'd the vesture of virility.

100.

In COMVS's heat and Pride the glorious King
Viewing the young man with a settled eye,
Through his loose hair the print of his seal Ring
Spi'd on his front; this dash't his jollity.
This marke, a mole, his Phisnomy assur'd him (him.
'Twas he 'gainst whom he thought death had secur'd

101.

His mirths spred wings were clipt, the pale desire
Of revenge seiz'd him, with hot fury stockt,
But that which swell'd his flood of Passion higher,
Was, that the Lords by whom he was so mockt,
Full of grand Honours, wounds, and daies, were dead,
And with wet Elegies their Hearses spread.

102.

Ruffling his brow, biting his lip he sat
Waking all forces of his phantasie
To guide his wrath: being observ'd, this fit
He call'd a spice of an old L thargie.
Then rallying his wiser thoughts, he spake thus
Unto the good (thats more than great) EVSTACHVS;
103.

103.

"How happy are you in a Son (my Lord)
 "So rich in Natures store and Arts best things;
 "Only you ought not so great wealth to hoard,
 "Jems shine not in the Quarry, but in Rings.
 "Leave him with us at Court, so shall he seem
 "Engloried by the Place, the Place by him.

104.

EVSTACHVS; covetous of so good hap
 Gave to the King his VLORVS much lov'd :
 Who, as if he upon some Courtly lap
 Had alwaies slept a formall Courtling prov'd.
 His mouth the mint of complement, and he
 The very Tyrant in bare courtesie.

105.

His phrase, and gestures were followed and allow'd,
 So full of Man his evry Act was showne.
 And (which was chiefe) not borrowed it shew'd,
 But all he did became him as his own,
 And seem'd as proper, and as naturall —
 As breath with life, or light with radiant SO L.

106.

Which is the foul of Courtship, he became
 The Marigold of every Ladies shine,
 Teaching each beauty t' give and take a flame,
 Approaching it in its own height and Line.
 All Ladies with one Luer caught are not,
 No more than all Birds are with one bait got.

107.

107.

The proud he tickled with praise of theirs,
 Dispraise of others Beauties, modes, and dresse.
 The witty with Romants he pleas'd and verse,
 Th' amonrous with Love Legends mixt with kisses.
 And flourishing still in the Spring o'th' Fashion,
 He got a credit beyond admiration.

108.

But now, Heaven moved by the late excesse,
 Or by THEREVTVS Tyrannous intent,
 Hot painted feavours clad in spotted dresse
 (Plagues Harbingers) 'mong the Sicilians sent,
 And (no auspicious Omen) in each field
 Sholes of hoars Ravens unwonted masters held.

109.

Then envious Stars shot poyson from their Sphere,
 Or Earth from the dark Dungeon belch't it forth,
 Or angry winds did puffed it through the aire.
 That th' Isle one Pesthouse made, one grave the Earth;
 O Dismall Argument ! black subject ! where
 All comma's sighs should be ! each point a Tear !

110.

The sweeping Plague's begun ; some fall, all fear,
 As when i'th' Night fires are discovered.
 Fates (as if vext they meant to blunt their sheares)
 Warps by whole hanfulls cut, not threed by threed.
 Mortall *Abaddon* with keen sickle hovers,
 Flesh like Grasse mowing, making few Passeovers.

111.

111.

Think but how fast at evry paffe of wind
 From Trees the mellow leaves in Autume glide,
 I'th' steps of Cattell some interment find
 Some on the wings of wanton brieses ride:
 So in this busie Terme of Death folk dy'd
 Faster than those alive could graves provide.

112.

No Songs, but Dirges, fill'd the infected air,
 No Musick but the Bells sad Knells is heard.
 Pebles which erst much peoples feet did wear
 And pollish, now, with grasse oregrown, Churchyard
 Rather than street seem; along which there wave
 Black Beers, that strive wch first should reach the grave.

113.

Churchyards so delv'd and harrow'd are, none now
 As type of Resurrection Grasse affords
 This death (a Schitmatick) will not allow
 Of Ceremony, Men on flings and boards
 Uncovered are posted to the grave,
 Which, although free Land, none may single have.

114.

That best of Nature, Neighborhood, was gon,
 With hateles treason, friends by friends breath dy'd.
 They're safest who like salvage live alone,
 And although debtlesse, from this Serjant hide.
 No help is left but all helpe to forgo,
 To joyn their forces were t' augment their foe.

115.

115.

For Deaths use seized are all naked streets,
Which who so dares adventure to passe by,
A presse of thronged Funeralls he meets,
And People that their lofty Mansions fly.
Daring to dying sheds their lives commit,
Which each blast shakes into a Palsie fit.

116.

Each carkase of a Grange hath Guests, some hide
In vacant Windmills, some in tented Boat
On watry floores, rock'd by the tumbling tide
With their sick houshold at dead Anchor stote.
Yea who no tilt could hope but open skies
Dare home forsake, so *Sicil Sicil* flies.

117.

Palermo differ'd from *Palermo* so
As doth a Tree which erst did blow and bear,
But naked in *December* stands, like to
A Skelleton, ratling its bones all bare.
Such solitude as this i'th' waxen Town
Appeares when th' winged hony Host is flown.

118.

As prudent mice from falling roofes make hast,
And thence to sounder walls for shelter flee:
So from sick *Sicilie* her brood flock't fast
To neighbouring Isles, as *Cerc* and *Strongile*,
Now with like luck as when two Suns appeare
'tk'clouded skie, two *Sicilies* there were.

119.

119.

THE REVTVS selfe from's royall place retir'd
 To's Tusculanium in the Countrey,
 Not built to envious shew but health desir'd,
 And to th' adjacent Isles *Aolia*,
 (Where *Aolus* his Throne of old was seen)
 He sent his onely Daughter and great Queen.

120.

The Queen HYMETTA, whose each part a story
 Of Beauty was, 'bove wonder far renown'd,
 Of her fair sex she the faire Crown and Glory,
 Who yet all these straines in her vertues drown'd.
 But her chiefe Elogie (to veile all other)
 Is this, she was the rare ROSELLA's Mother.

121.

ROSELLA, without whom the Court was dark,
 Fresh morn her handmaid was, and Roses strew
 About Loves Hemisphere; each heavenly spark
 Wheng she arose, ecclipz'd, and sad withdrew
 For shame to be out-shin'd by her bright eyes,
 Who, more than they the Earth, did gild the skies.

122.

Old JVNIO, seeing a new let her plumes fall,
 The Graces wondred at themselves to see
 They'd fram'd a Grace that far surpasst them all,
 And had exhausted quite their Treasury
 To shame themselves by one, on whose each part
 Fame might spend all her voice, Verse all her Art.

123.

She was of Goddesses a Rapsodie,
Boasting AVRORA's rosie fingers small,
SATURNIA's stately front, PALLAS grey eye,
VENUS her dimpled chin, and Beauties All.
Of CERES Daughter the life-waiting wast,
And Gorgons curled hair, before it hilt.

124.

She was the onely Loadstone of all Eyes,
She was the onely Touchstone of all Hearts,
The Whetstone of all braines and Phantasies,
Making each Freshman Master in Loves Arts.
She chew'd with Studs of Pearle, with Rubies kist,
She look'd with diamonds rescuing Day from Mist.

125.

This Saint and Angell both did harbour give
To as much winning beauty as could die,
And to more heavenly vertues than doe live,
Which in her blest Urne I'll let quiet lie,
Lest all to whom such Miracles are told;
Or turne Idolaters, or think her old.

126.

A VENUS and DIANA mixt in one
She was, whose wit was even in greenest yeers
Flowing as Nectar, ripe as Autumn showne,
And crown'd with graces envy'd by white haire:
Which who can tell? and yet who cannot tell?
Well may I praise her, but not praise her well.

D

127.

127.

To do it meanelly were no lesse disgrace,
 Than a course garment to a Princely Dame,
 Or homely painting to a lovely face,
 Or a brasse setting to a precious Gemme.

Think not weak Muse by thy low Song to raise her
 Tis praile enough that none enough can praise her.

128.

Here of this wonder of nice Natures sweat
 Taking my Leave, I am for *Sicilie*
 Imbark'd, from whence *PHOEBVS* withdrew his heat
 And fled, as he too fear'd the Malady.

Winter the Isle shut up in icie bars
 As close as sicknesse did the Islanders.

129.

With the years heat (Plagues nurse) the Plague outwore,
 The mortall Angell sheath'd his Sword, the street
 Put off its mossie mantle, and once more
 Began a new acquaintance with mens feet.

Still Piles are built and blaze, still Bells loud call,
 But for devotion more than Buriall.

130.

All aske what friends Heavens Besom swept away,
 And who is left. All gape for fresher air,
 And like Stags snuffing 'bout the Fields they stray;
 So Fishes stifled with long ice repair

Unto the hole, when as the Leatherine Hine
 With Axes break the frost to water kine.

131.

Now men with health (as Swallowes with the Spring)
Again to their dear Mothers Bosome run,
Once more *Palermo* the desired King
Blest with his Presence, shewing like the Sun
Scattering th' Egyptians long loath'd Night away,
Or out black Chaos striking Christall Day.

132.

He seeing admired *VLO RVs* become
The tenth Sphere of the Court, drawing all after him,
And daily triumphing ore the Hearts of some :
Griev'd that the farall Angell spar'd to slaughter him,
He sate in Councell with his thoughts, at strife
How to remove his fear, the youngmans life.

133.

His busie braine was like an Howerglasse,
Wherein Imaginations like sands ran
Filling up hasty time, but then (Alas !)
Were turn'd and turn'd and ended as began,
So that he knew not what to stay upon,
And lesse to Crown with execution.

134.

To thrust him out of life *sans* proceffe, were
To blot him selfe out of the Rolls of Fame,
To send him to the wars, in hope that there
Quick death might find him, were t' augment his Fame.
A *Hero* lockt in brasse will force all breath
To chant his Trophees brave, or braver Death.

D 2.

135.

135.

Taking the wisest counsell of his brain,
 At last Invention prompted a course to him
 For which he hug'd his wit and cruel veine,
 And this was mask'd in friendship to undo him.
 Malice in Love disguiz'd was in all time
 Most safe and common held, yet is't a crime.

136.

So poysonous Snakes in Roses ly in wait,
 And lurke in honny-dropping Grasse to sting.
 So the Hyenna murders by deceit.
 So from the Rocks th' alluring Syrens sing,
 And call down the high notes of the sweet Sphære
 Before they prey, to fill the wretches eares.

137.

The Senat of his thoughts decreed to send
 The Young Man to the Queen t' *Nolia*
 With secret Letters; feigning as a Friend
 The honouring of him with the Embassie,
 Which was, that as soon as he should await her
 She privily execute him for a Traytor.

138.

To paper he this Mandate did commit,
 And with his Seal enjoyn'd it secrecy.
 Then charg'd his Favorit U L O R V S with it
 Unto his Queen on halts spread wings to flie.
 From D A V I D so, to J O A B once before
 U R I A H his one fatall sentence bore.

139.

139.

The Favourite (proud of the employment) rode
Attended with no long yet trusty train
To the next Port, his vent'rous foot there trod
Upon the rude throat of the scalding Main.

FAVONIVS and THETIS mixt in one
To blesse him with kind Transfretation.

140.

About the Noon of Night he reach't the shore,
And took up's quarters in a common Inne,
Where (partly, 'cause for manners sake, before
The Sun had, he would not salute the Queen.

Partly to compose his Sea shuffled head)

He made his cloaths poor to make rich his Bed.

141.

One of his Traine (having Athenian ears
Itching for news) much longing to descry
His Lords quick message, when the band of cares
Soft sleep had seiz'd him and his company,
He crept into his Chamber in the dark,
And stole his Packet thence, whilst none did mark.

142.

Being no Novice in that knavish trick
Of ripping Seales, and closing them again,
(A Burglary baser than locks to pick;
For that robs but our coffers, this our braine,)
Not dar'd by's Kings dumb face, he opened
Nicely his Royall Packet, and thus read.

D 3

143.

T. R. ad H. R.

THEREVTS to his Queen HYMETTA dear
Sends the same health which he enjoyeth here,
Rebecca's Twins, love, hatred, this scroule beares,
The first is thine, the last this Mellengers,
Whom we have thus employ'd, that we migh have
By this unimelt means, Safety, he a Grave.

This ULORVS is th' Ague of our Reigne,
He shakes it, as Windes stoll'n into Earths veine
Doe our dull staggering Mother. He's the ill
Conscience o'th' State, that ne'r lets it be still.
'Twas in our thoughts by iust help of our Lawes
That this effect might Cease, to seize the cause.
But being such a Minion of the rude
Beast with so many heads, the Multitude;
We judg'd him not here, in their sights, to die,
Lest they mistake Justice for Tyranny
In us, and in themselves Rebellion
For Pitty; Lest our Bark of State split on
These Rocks, We've sent him to your Court, that there
His Death may be close as his Treasons here.
If of his Fate you can all eyes prevent
Wee'l father it upon some accident.
How e'r do't; if you can't stop Fames wild breath
Wee'l draw up's Posthume Proceffe after's Death.
Grieve not to nip this young weed in the bloom,
A young Wolfes Death to soon can never come.
Yet were it cruell, tis Fate is harsh not wee,
Selfe preservation warrants Crueltie.

SICILIE.

T. Rex.

143.

" Alas ! (Quoth th' Servant) whilst my Lord aimes at
 " The honour of being but a Royall Post,
 " His selfe is lost. So patient Chymilts get
 " But Smoke, Dust, Hope, for all their reall cost.
 " So th' Dog that on the waters face did catch
 " At th' shadow of his Morfell, lost the flesh.

144.

" Poor MERCURY, whose being so's thy Death !
 " Losing true Treasure for an empty name,
 " Thy selfe for Honour, Yet but breath for breath,
 " The breath of Life for the fond breath of Fame !
 " Ah ! how much more than pitty tis to sell
 " A blooming Spray that sprouts so straight and well !

145.

" Brood with me HERMES, help this Plot to hatch,
 " That this *Anti-IXION* whole strift is
 " To grasp but a Cloud, airy Fame, may catch
 " A reall J V N O, or a fairier piece,
 " What though he nor rewards nor knows my pain ?
 " In vertuous Acts the very doing's gain.

146.

" Or tis a crime or none t'have op'd this Letter.
 " If none, I've pleas'd my selfe, not wrong'd the King.
 " If tis a Sin, to purge it no way's better
 " Than good out of intended evill to bring.
 This said, he took a blank, and altering the
 Mind of the Monarchs Letter thus wrot he.

The Kings Letter changed.

THE REVTVS to his Queen HYMETTA dear,
 Sends the same health which he enjoyeth here.
 This paper Barke a freight of Love doth bear
 To be shar'd 'twixt thee and this Messenger,
 Whom we have made so, that he may inherit
 (To all our joyes) the meed of his high merit.
 This OLORVS, so high fam'd, and so allow'd
 (Of whom our Court, and Natures selfe is proud;
 To whom both PALLAS arts alike are shear'd,
 A sage Philosopher without a beard.
 Who, if his mind as his green yeers increase,
 His Age will alwaies than himself be lesse.)
 We've sent t' attend you, that you may behold
 The truth that unbeliev'd Report hath told
 Though too too niggardly of his great worth.
 To honour vertue is to set it forth.
 We will you treat him then with every rare
 Device that Love and Honour can prepare.
 Since our People, gilding each act of his
 With liking, make it better than it is,
 Since they've given up themselves unto him, so
 As they've a Law within themselves to doe
 His Mandats binding, and that Law is Love
 Which Princes as their strongest fort approve.
 Since Fate denies us a Male birth to be
 The ATLAS of our Realme and Family,
 (But had we ÆGPTVS's number, none could be
 Worthier such honour than this MERCURIE)
 Therefore I'th' Carnavall (midst mirth and Laughter)
 We will you marry him to our only Daughter.

Muse not we speak of Consummation, ere
Ther's due approaches made ; for young and fair
Have made acquaintances in Nature, so
When their eyes meet they have the lesse to do.

SICILIE.

T. Rex.

147.

Now wrapt he up this Scroule so counterfaite
In the same fashion as the King had his,
Then ript (with curious heed) the seale from that,
And with a Wafer fixt it (whole) to this.

Next to the Chamber (on fears socks) he crept,
And left it there, whilst still his Master slept.

148.

Soon as the early Larke even tir'd with rest,
From his moist Cabinet sprung up on high,
Waking the morning, from whose dewy breast
Heavens wandring Knight rose to his errantry,
Th' Embassadour don'd rich embroideries pride,
And to the Court his paces did divide.

149.

Whilst there he waited in a Gallery.
Hung round with TIT I A N S and rare *Hylliards* hands,
The Queen stept in, clad in such Majesty
As the Great Goddesse that ties Nuptiall Bands
Used, when she did contend on Ida's plain,
From Beauties Queen Beauties bright prize to gaine.

150.

Low on his knee he kist her Royall Hand,
 Then fil'd it with the Packet, (by happy blisse
 For him (without him) from its first self chang'd)
 Which read, she gave once more her hand to kisse.
 And putting on her best looks to delight him,
 She to a Royall banquet did invite him.

151.

Now they descended to the Pallace Hall,
 Where hundred objects claim'd his doubtful eye,
 Which though the least alone had fil'd it all,
 Was famished amidst variety.
 Now this he tastes, then that he glances on,
 Diversity confounds election.

152.

But gather up thy sense and fortifie,
 Weaknesse in fractures, strength in union lies.
 Now youth the valour of thine Opticks try,
 Here, here an object comes that's worth all eyes.
 But (as who stares at SOL finds night at noon)
 She having such bright ones make all else have none.

153.

ROSELLA the rare Princeesse (in quaint dressing
 Of Sea green Tabie, whose wat'ring seem'd apace
 Like Waves to move with her, the Lace expressing
 Silver Rocks) enter'd, with such winning grace
 As CYPRIA wore, when of Troys royall Swain
 She (worthily) did Beauties prize obtain.

154.

154.

Her Hair, alas ! too cold a word ! Her Beames
 O'r-shaddowing her Robe with loose command
 Out-shin'd his rayes that gild the tottering streames.
 Her bared Breasts appear'd Loves *Scylla* and
Charibdis, betwixt whom no eye might steer
 But must (perforce) becom a Prey to her.

155.

Her Stomacher was cloath of Gold vail'd ore
 With subtle Tiffana, to shew the Land,
 Strew'd with such Margarites as enrich the shore,
 And Spangles, crookt, like shells that paint the sand.
 The gum'd Silk's whistling must be understood,
 VVLTVRNVs milder breath curling the fload.

156.

The Youth made haste his trembling knee to bend
 (As dazled Pilgrims 'fore some glorious shrine)
 With devout feare he kist her melting hand
 (As they doe Reliques, or some Rag divine)
 Now rights he out his knee, but still doth look
 Like to an Aguish Asp that's Planet strook.

157.

She also felt a civill war in her
 Distracted thoughts, all forts wild Passion seiz'd.
 Love Generall, quarter'd in her eyes while ere
 (Making her browes bowes to shoot all that gaz'd)
 From those Frontiers, unto her Heart retir'd,
 Where finding Reason posselt, the Fort he fir'd.

158.

158.

Reason his blinde foe with Cowardize then taunteth
 Saying Noblest Conquerers do wrecks avoid.
 He answers, if a Heart ROSELLA wanteth,
 I'll give her ULORVS his to be enjoy'd,
 Yet that must flame first, for like Gold we prove
 Hearts must be fin'd and melted ere they love.

159.

If their Hearts, Gentle Tyrant (Reason reply'd)
 Smell sweetest in the flames, like Cassia,
 If they (like Martyrs, though their sect divide)
 Will accord best in their sweet misery,
 Let us love too, and blow the coal together, (ther
 Good reason, they, young and fair, should love each o-

160.

Both did desire, both were desir'd, though neither
 Knew eithers wish; yet saw they whence their grieve
 Sprung, even from whence they must expect their cure,
 Yet fear'd, who would kill would denie Reliefe.
 Love mixt so with them by his mistick Arts
 As he soon had for Trophies both their Hearts.

161.

The Heart-rob'd Youth resolved, by his Tongue
 His Hearts Atturmy, his sute to commence,
 But was a drawing up the charge so long (thence.
 New wounds came thick, and th'formers grieve chac'd
 Yet when to make the motion he'd assay
 His words were crush't to sighs, and all was Ah!

162.

162.

She eccho'd him, thinking each sigh did bring
Loves summons, she, by hers, her yeelding sent,
Whereat the feather'd Wag did Io sing
And in her fresh cheeks pitcht his crimson Tent,
Displaying his blush-colour'd Ensigns there,
Shewing his Almighty self as Conquerer.

163.

The Tables furnisht were as they'd invite
A bedrid stomach that surcharged lies
With potions to a freshmans appetite.
But ULORVS best dish was ROSELLA's eyes.
As Lovers use when their mawes call to eat,
He cut his fingers in the stead of meat.

164.

And with much gazing on (Heavens map) her face
He hungry rose, (in this too like a Lover.)
His words he left halfe spoke, or did misplace,
Or (Lover like still) he spake them twice over.
Questions were put, but when he would reply
His answers (Lover like) were quite awry.

165.

The joyous Queen with smiling cheer did see
The wounding friends shoot their hearts each at other
Through their eyes, hoping evry look would be
A new dart, to continue them together;
She strait commands a Masque, then doth invite
Them to grace the short bravery of the night.

166.

166.

The nimble Masquers danc't as movingly
 As *Joves* nine Twins on the *Pierian* Lawnes,
 Or *Thebes* Stones a *AMPHION*'s melody,
 Or brisk *PAN* and his Herd of light heel'd Fawnes.
 But how could their feets freedom please this pair
 Whose hearts lay tangled in each others hair?

167.

Such melody courted their ears to hark
 As th'orbes harmonious journey make, which they
 No more regarded than the child doth marke
 His lesson, when he hath got leave to play:
 For how could *ORPHEVS* Raptures take those cares
 Whose notes were onely sighs, their closes teares.

168.

Now the ones eyes laid themselves open wide
 To receive all the darts the other threw,
 Then were they close with admiration tied
 To keep the wealth they had already drew,
 Or cast their Lids as curtaines ore the rare
 Image of Beauty each look painted there.

169.

Affection encreas'd their looking, and
 Their looks augmented their affections,
 Their eyes (like children 'fore whom sweet-meats stand)
 Eager, but fearfull of their Guardians.
 When one did sigh, as if that sigh were to
 Be waited on, the other sigh'd also.

170.

170.

The Scene is clos'd up, the Soule mingling-pair
(Whose fancies travell'd undelivered
With throes of feare desier and despaire)
More overcast with thought than sleep, were led
To severall Lodgings, there they vent their breasts
With sighs and wishes, the rest retir'd to rest.

171.

When So L the Captain of the Planets bright
Came arm'd in burnisht Tinsell to Heavens Guard,
To relieve the winking Centinels of Night,
And give them leave to rest whilst he would ward;
The Princeesse, seeing sleep was banisht fro
Her weary Bed, she left it empty too.

172.

So day broke out of Chaos hurling Night
Unto the Center. So the Skie-wanderer
Unfettters from the Armes of Amphitrite.
So Roses break forth and perfume the air.
Only the first, the second, the last, be
Not halfe so cleer, so bright, so sweet, as she.

173.

Now stood shee like the beautious A P H R O D I T E
New risen from her frothy Mothers Bed,
Her purer smock lookt much like that pure white
Foam that the Goddesse limbs yet all bespred.
Her Bed (like bodies when their soules are flown)
Turn'd pale and cold for grieve that she was gon.

174.

175.

A mantle of green Velvet (wrought to wonder)
 Her maidens o'r her curious limbes did cast,
 It over her left shoulder went, and under
 Her right Arm ; on her breast it was made fast
 With claspes of radiant Diamonds, now as
 A Dazie shew'd she, in a field of grasse.

176.

Now th' Queen her Mother came, and did impart
 To her the message from the King was brought.
 This somewhat lightened her heavy heart,
 To think what she so wisht her Father sought.
 But then her joyes did flag again, through fear
 Lest he she so lov'd, took no thought for her.

177.

By this the climbing Sun with warmth doth thaw
 And tender make the of-late crusty Earth,
 Each naked twig blood from the root doth draw
 To swell the branch, and give a lively Birth
 To the dead leaves, now fill'd again within
 With plump juice, and without painted with green.

178.

The pretty firstlings of the infant year
 Now make their mother smile, and their gay heads
 (Which late in icy graves did dead appear)
 Advance afresh above their easie Beds,
 Like Types o'th' Resurrection, and shew
 Like weeping Virgins all bepearl'd with dew.

179.

178.

The Groves shrill Quiristers whose frozen throats
Late wanted motion and male heat to strain
Their little Organs, now have found their notes.
Now PHILOMELA's tongue is grown again,
She scrues her sprightly Seraphins voyce up high;
To teach men Art from Natures Melody.

179.

Now all things else smile with the forward Spring,
No Vine so young now feares the blasting stormes
That foul-mouth'd Auster carries on his wing,
Or the South-west wind hurries in his armes.
No rugged Boreas blows, but Zephyr's calm
Sweep flowry Gardens, and the air embalmes.

180.

So smil'd the daies from Chaos first when sprung,
As now, then did the loughing Oxe repair
Not to warm stalls, but open Fields; among
The Woods herds dwelt, and chattering Birds the air
Fill'd with their Song; then Natures frame t'uphold
Heaven temper'd this sweet mean, nor hot, nor cold.

181.

This serene season seemed to beseech
The sweet ROSELLA (Earths and Heavens Pride)
Not only one poor chamber to enrich
And so impoverish ev'ry place beside,
But to walk forth and with her smiles to bring
An early Summer on the forward Spring.

E

182

182.

The Grasse did court her soft tread, and then wept
 For Griefe that she so soon off it was gon,
 And perfum'd teares upon her small foot left.
 The Flowers that did require no other Sun
 As she approacht did start from their soft Beds,
 And for a sight of Her, steal out their Heads.

183.

Here in an odorous Bower rich in shade
 She took a seat, whereon a Primrose grew.
 "FLORA's first Daughter ! Ah! (she sighing, said)
 "How like me in my loving state art thou !
 "Blubber'd with dew thou standst, and in mine eares
 "To whisper seem'st, Loves sweets are washt with
 (teares.

184.

"How yellow green and sick thy leaves appear !
 "Like ripening Girles that junket on Loam walls,
 "Or Feast on chalk and coals; to Earth how neer
 "Thy weak stalk bends, yet neither breaks nor falls.
 "These to the nimble fancy do discover
 "The doubts and fear-shaken hopes are in a Lover.

185.

Whilst here she sate on the embroidered ground
 Musing on her new Love, her busie head
 With thoughts was crowded. Now reason would have
 No cause to Love, because no hope to speed, (found
 Then Love crost that; when from a Grot hard by
 Her shady couch, she heard this melody.

Song

Song.

I.

Of all dread Monarchs falls, I wonder lest
 At thine CYRVS of Persia.
 The Son may fall, and's Plumes adorn thy crest,
 But thou must be the Mothers prey.
 With men to fight that Sex hath ods
 That triumphs both o'r Men and Gods.

2.

In Peace, their arrowes stay, yet draw no blood,
 In war, they win when lose the Day.
 Though Captives, on their Conqu'ers necks they tread,
 And the fierce Victor make their prey.
 Strong Sex! who from your chaine is free,
 That though he foyles ye, bound must be?

186.

The Eccho of the Grot much added to
 The voyce and words, but for this cause it was
 Sweet musick in ROSELLA's eare, she knew
 By th' Tone it came from her dear ULORVS,
 Whom thus (known though unseen) in his own strain
 She answered, and he repli'd again.

ROSELLA.

3.

*No, no, the Yoke must ever gall our necks
 Our harsh Fates made us to obey.
 In childhood we observe our Parents becks,
 Then men doe steale our hearts away.
 Wretched as weak our Sex is grown
 Whose Wills and Hearts are ne'r our own,*

VLORUS.

4.

*How wretched's he whose fortune lower lies
 Than his Love will bow unto't?
 Joves royall Bird preys not on silly Flies,
 Shrubs wither at the Cedars roots.
 Fond ICARVS, rather then die tame
 With secret grieve than open shame.*

ROSELLA.

5.

*How fond is he his sword away will throw
 Ere victory to his foe flies!
 The highest Sun doth daign to shine below,
 Palmes suppress doth higher rise.
 Then live, or let thy fall b' fair
 By brave attempts, not base Despaire.*

187.

When her sweet Grace this word of comfort gave
To her sad Servant, now so nigh Despair,
She, modest, blusht, he smil'd, and seem'd to have
New sp'rit infus'd to him by her kind air.

Resolv'd at last his doubtfull prize to try,
And by her favour live, or frowning die.

188.

She his approaches met as the ccole stream
Doth bathing Virgins, when they first uncase
And come nigh, the coy Nymph to stop them seem,
But enter'd, she their limbs kisse and embrace.

Now nothings wanting but the Churches rites
To fill with joy their daies, with sport their nights.

189.

Th' Youth to the foresaid Bower would oft resort
To kisse the leaves his Mistris sate among.
There one day musing of his future sport
He in an extasie this Rapture sung.

Think not this Humors madnesse, wise men say
All great wits have of Madnesse some allay.

A Rapture.

1.

Come (Fairest) through the fleeting skie
 Lets cut a way with nimble pace,
 On CUPIDS pointed wings lets flie
 To Paradise, which is my place
 Where I may banquet on thy face.

2.

Hark! the Springs Quiristers conspire
 With aires might make an Hermit dote
 T'invite us to their leavy Quire,
 And PHILOMELA'S well-strung throat
 Is tun'd with an alluring note.

3.

The flowrie Floore's embelished
 With CLORIS'S painted Tapstrie,
 By Nymphs at Loves command here spred,
 Who meant that these should be for thee
 A downy Bed, and thou for me.

4.

No spies shall lurk here to reveale
 To eares that itch with jealousie
 The houres of Pleasure we two steale:
 Great Jove knew no such Liberty
 When he imbrac'd bright DANAË.

5.

5.

Being set, lets sport a while (my Deare))
I will look Babies in thine eye,
Which shall i'th' shade make sun-shine cleer,
And Love knots in thy locks I'll tie
Wherein my Heart doth fetter'd lie.

6.

I'll turne Loves Bee, and feast a while
On either Rose which kindly do
Unite in thy fair cheek, whose smile
Might make a Cynick love thee too,
And tempt him from his Tub to woo.

7.

I will bedew with fervent kisses
The fresh ADONIS on thy lip
That balmy Theater of blisses,
Chorus of kisses there shall skip
And in unnumberd Galliards trip.

8.

The Violets of thy veines I'll tast
That in blew archt Meanders lay.
Thence to the vale of Lillies hast
In whose smooth allyes I will stray,
And 'mong their Mazes lose my way.

9.

Next downwards I'll my way devoure,
 To Loves sweet-bramble bush I'll fly,
 And cull from evry spicy flower
 Fresh bags of hony, till that I
 Have swell'd therewith my laden thigh.

10.

Then to thy hive my Load of Balme
 I'll bring, where (as in thought before)
 Halfe smothered in a sweaty Qualme,
 I will unlade my plenteous store,
 And roam about thy fields for more.

190.

Now 'gan their Hymeneal's to approach,
 The time's set. TITAN, oft the Youth did say
 Oftner the Maid, Lash on thy lazy Coach:
 How thick thy cri'd, kind PHOSPHORVS bring the day.
 It came at last (though their desires thought late.)
 Then these Doves coupled, in this Matque-like State.

191.

Bright Juga Jvno's Orgies are begun,
 Above her Altar in a Saphire Cloud
 Her airy Majesty displaid her Throne,
 Supported by two Peacocks gay and proud.
 The charming spirits of the air did beat
 Their sacred concords 'bout her Starry seat,

192.

192.

With a white Diadem her brow was crown'd
 From whence a swelling veile descended, flying,
 Whose upper end a silken Fascia boun'd
 Of severall hues, the many dies implying
 The various mutations of the skie,
 Of causing these she having th' faculty.

193.

The wealthiest Gems in NEPTUNE'S cabinet
 Shon on her Fascia, in the top high
 With Roses blooming as her cheek, and set
 With Pestan Lillies, which her milk did die (pluck
 That from her brest dropt, when JOVE thence did
 Her Privignus, laid there by stealth to suck.

194.

A Royall Scepter in her right hand shon,
 Her left a Timbrell held; her golden feet
 A Lyons shaggie hide trampled upon.
 Thus in her Argive Temple did she set,
 As 't'were insulting o'r her Lords two scapes,
 The Monster-Master, and the God of Grapes.

195.

The Region of Fier in an even
 Circle was ever whirling 'bove her seen:
 JOVE standing in the top, (figuring the Heaven)
 brandishing flaming Bolts as if he'd been
 To charge the Gyant Host. IRIS below
 Her Saphrie Throne, bent her enammel'd Bow.

196.

196.

Eight Ladies 'bout her Altar measur'd paces,
 Enstil'd her Powers or her faculties,
 Veil'd, lest all mortals with their dazling graces
 Should (as th' armed Boy did) lose their eyes.
 All these some Surname bore given properly
 To J V N O, for some nuptiall mystery.

197.

The first was C V R I S, nam'd from th' Sabine Sphere
 That *Hasta Coelibaris*, that had stuck
 In the slain Gladiator : the Brides hair
 With this she did divide, and keem and deck,
 To tell her, as in him that fast did 'bide,
 So close must she unto her male be ty'd.

198.

Or it portended valiant men to come
 Out of her loynes, or else this badg of sway
 Denoted her subjection to her Groom:
 Or rather it might be in memory
 Of their first Marriages, by force contracted
 With them that came but to see Plaies, yet acted.

199.

Next U N X I A with her wollen Fillets stood
 The Posts and Columnes of th' House t' adorn,
 And to annoint with hollow'd Oyles approv'd
 And fat of Wolves and Beares mixt in a Horn
 E'r the Bride enters : to expell thereby
 All frights and evils from the Family.

200.

The third was J V G A (that soul-mingling grace)
 In silken Yoak the loving Pair that bind
 Ready to Vnion to sacrifice
 Two hearts melted and mixt into one mind.
 Thus as two Maids of different sex made one
 And to that state restor'd that first was known.

201.

The fourth takes care that they remaine so still,
 G A M E L I A, that behind the Altar throws
 The Gall: no strife is left, no stubborn will,
 But Peace and Love and Faith betwixt them growes.
 Such was the golden Chain let down from Heaven
 Of Linkes consisting thus well joyn'd and even.

202.

The fift and sixt were I T E R D V C A, and
 Her sister D O M I D V C A, these are they
 That were the Brides fair footsteps to attend
 When to her Spoules house she took her way.
 The seventh was C I N X I A, that defends the Maid
 Quit of her Zone, whilst in that state she staid.

203.

The last was T E L I A, she that crowneth all,
 That brings the gratefull hower, and excites
 Lovers to reap the fruit of their long thrall,
 Embracements, kisses, and those short delights
 And melting toyes chaste Love allowes; the same
 That gives Perfection, and a womans name.

204.

204.

The Altar drest, first to it did approach
 The *Quinque Cerei* attir'd in white.
 These were five Pages, bearing each a Torch
 Of Virgin Wax; their number, in the rites
 Imply'd Perfection, seeing five is
 The number whence sweet Union claimes her Blisse.

205.

The Bridgroom, behind these, with Myrtle crown'd
 Walk'd (like Loves Champion ready for the Lifts)
 With longing looks. His hair was short and bound
 With party-colour'd Ribbands and Gold twilts.
 Her garments hues the whitest Lillies stain'd,
 And ruddy't Roses that e'r X E V X I s feign'd.

206.

In Saffron-colour'd robes next H Y M E N came,
 His under vestures white, his Socks were Gold,
 His head with Roses crown'd and Marjoram:
 A Torch of Pine Tree his right hand did hold,
 His left a blushing veile, to signifie
 The bedded Virgins bashfull modesty,

207.

Then came *Camillus*, a young youth in white,
 Bearing a Torch of white and blooming Thorn,
 To fright all malice with the ominous light,
 In sign too of Increase this Tead was born.
 Next came a Rock and Spindle, nothing good
 These shew, gives check unto the highest bloud.

208.

208.

'Twixt them the Lovely Bride was led, Her Head
A Rosse Crown had like a Turret made,
Her loosely flowing hair with grey was shed
To shew she enter'd to a Matrons state.

Wherefore a Weathers Snowie fleece was worn
At her back, that she might not labour scorn.

209.

Her robe so white, was nothing else durst vie
With it, but her pureskin. Bout her small waist
In many many folds and contrary
Circles her Virgin Zone of Wool was cast,

Yet met in one Herculean, that binds,
To intimate, so should all married minds.

210.

With fire and water th' Auspices came next,
To shew, that as each Birth is helpt to life
By female moisture with male Heat well mixt:
So for their likenesse sake joyne Man and Wife.

Last, the Musicians came, with Rosebuds crown'd,
Strayning their Organs high, this air to sound.

Song.

Song.

Virgins Imprison your liberall flowing hair
 In Ribbands white:
 Bright Vnions Altar, and her rites prepare,
 Her cleer Pines light
 And lo sing, then dew your eyes
 'Cause you are not the Sacrifice.

211.

Now leave yee Jvno's Orgies to begin
 The Gods whole nights outshines his daies so far.
 Th' Idalian Star that so long wisht hath been
 Now gives Alarum to the peacefull War.
 And chides you for dalaying rites behind
 That have, though lesse of state, yet more of kind.

212.

See ! Mirtles trim your way. See ! Roses there
 Flow in whole showers, and Violets seem to grow
 I'th' Chamber, as if VENVS Mead it were,
 Where you shall revell in Loves Sphere, and know
 Nor fear, nor change; exalted far above
 Even hope, and th' Wheel that spins the fates of Love.

213.

213.

The Zones strong knots the Gallant has unti'd,
 And's ready other pretty difficulties
 T' encounter. Matrons sage have plac'd his Bride,
 Whilst he then out his cloathes like lightning flies
 And shoots himself into her Bosome, notes
 Wee'l borrow of the Spheres to tune these votes.

Epithalamium.

TO Bed, Yee two in one united, go,
 Passe Doves in billing:
 Mix ye, and struggle till your marrow flow,
 Embrace more willing
 Than th' Loving Palmes (great Vnions wonder)
 That ne'r bore any fruit asunder.

Be young to either, when Winter and grey haire
 Your heads shall climbe,
 May your affections like the merry Spheres
 Still move in Time;
 And may (with many a good Presage)
 Your Marriage prove your Merry Age.

214

214.

Next Day, when the fair Bride might boast a name
 More noble, and 'rose perfect as her Mother,
 All sorts joyn'd hands to celebrate her fame,
 And grace the Pomp with some device or other.
 Songs lull'd the Aier, and the battering feet
 Of tilting Steeds dull Earth to motion beat.

215.

The honest Swaines, whose Rustick paines and Love,
 The noblest Princes are too high to scorne,
 Joyn'd in a Pastorall, both their mirth to move
 And shew what dutious minds by them were born.
 To name no more, there W I L L I E to his mate.
 The last daies Pomp thus bluntly did relate.

A BALLADE Vpon the Wedding.

I.

I Tell thee Jack as I sought out
 A stragling Lambe which straid about
 The Hony-suckled Plaine,
 Mine eyes met such brave things i' th' way,
 As I ne'r saw before that day
 Nor never shall againe.

2.

From yon gay House there came a Band
Of simpring Courtiers hand in hand,
 Drest wondrous brave and fine,
But O their Leader was a Lad
In such a gandy habit clad,
 As he did all out-shine.

3.

Our Lord o'th' Town bears not such Port
When he sits talking Law i'th' Court,
 With's Tenants round about.
Should he be on the green at Night,
(Jack) thee and I each Lasse would slight,
 And crowd to take him out.

4.

But wot you why he went so gay,
It seems it was his wedding Day,
 And now to Church he go.
Me thought he lookt oft at the Sun,
As if he wisht his race were run,
 So did the Bride also.

5.

The Bride ! the bravest in the row
Our Town and all our Hundred too
 Can't shew the like I'l swear,
Ine'r saw Lady at a May
Or Shrovetide, or on Whitsonday
 That with her might compare.

F

6.

6.

Of a pair of Indies I've been told,
 Where men find precious Stones and Gold,
 I wot not where they are.
 Nor doe I mind to go to see,
 But doubtlesse if such things there be
 I think they'r both in her.

7.

The East, the tramells of her hair
 Gilt by Phabus beames appear
 Like to a golden Fleece,
 More rich and fair than that which
 Was stollen by the Colchan Witch
 And the bold Youth of Greece.

8.

Her sparkling Eyes are Jems so fair,
 Their lustre dims the twinkling Star
 which bids us Shepherds fold.
 Her lips be Corral of great price,
 Her breath is Violet buds, and Spice
 Whose worth cannot be told.

9.

The other Indies men call West,
 These she hath too, and he is blest
 That sought their secret treasure;
 But did he dig in those mines though,
 So oft as some in thought did do,
 He'd labour'd out of measure.

10.

Her milkie skin and front did show
 Like Meadowes clad in Winters Snow
 Or Cotshall Wool new drest;
 Or like the girdle of the Skie,
 Or a smooth mount of Ivory,
 Or like to curds new prest.

11.

Her cheeks (wherein both Roses joyne)
 Seem'd Milk commixt with Claret wine,
 Such as we drank last May Day.
 No Tulip e'r such colour wore,
 They look'd like Strawberries sugar'd o'r,
 Such as we eat last Play Day.

12.

Whento the new swept Church they came,
 The lightning which this Princely Dame
 Shot from her eyes so bright
 Struck blind the Parson, so that he
 Poor Beauty-blasted Man, could see
 Scarcely to read aright.

13.

For all his Coat or Gravity,
 I think he wist as ill as I
 Or any that stood by her.
 Though all did look as who should say
 Their very soules did melt away,
 And drop before the fire.

14.

*The rites done (which like long Grace do
But keep them off that would fall to)*

*The two, now one, went home;
And call'd the waiters (Sans delay)
To serve the dinner up, though they
Had their Feast yet to come.*

15.

*The Cooks to give the Guests content
Had plundred evry Element,*

*And rifled Sea and shore.
BesREW my Heart I ne'r did see
Boards deckt with such variety,
And laden with such store.*

16.

*Now were our Heads with Rosebuds crown'd
And flowing cups ran swiftly round,*

*Wee all did drink like Fishes;
That joy and pleasure may beside
The Bridegroom, specially the Bride,
Each lusty Gallant wishes.*

17.

*The Womens eyes dwelt on the Maid,
Some lik't this Lace, some that, and said*

*'Twas A la mode du France.
And drew the picture of the Peak:
But then the Youth did silence break,
And call'd them forth to dance.*

18.

No dapper Elves or light-heel'd Fawnes
 Could nimblier Trip it o'r the Lawnes,
 Or Faries o'r the green.
 Though by the Bride all were as far
 Outstript as frisking Faries are
 By Mistris MAB the Queen.

19.

No Jack a Lent danc'd such a way,
 No Sun upon an Easter Day
 Is such a bonny sight.
 Yet in her eyes I read that she
 Meant to outstip her selfe, and be
 Much nimbler far at night.

20.

Now Supper came and Healths went round,
 In full fill'd crowned Bowles we drown'd
 The slow and tedious Day.
 In Singing, Kissing oft, and Dancing,
 In sighing, wishing well, and glancing,
 We drave the Time away.

21.

Till th' Nightingale did chant her Vesper
 And our curl'd Dogs were warn'd by Hesper
 To Congregate our Sheep.
 Till the gay Planet of the East
 Took leave of Iris, and did hast
 To's sea-green Couch to sleep.

F 3

22.

22.

Now (Jack) th'unwilling willing Bride,
 With th' busie Virgin crew, aside
 Was stol'n to undresse.
 The Youth whose active blood began
 To strike up Loves Tantarra, cam
 Within an hower and lesse.

23.

In came he, where she blushing lay,
 Like to a Musk-Rose into a
 Lap full of Lillies cast.
 What pitty tis we still should stay,
 And make them riper Joyes delay,
 Only a kisse to tast !

24.

But still as 'twere to crosse their blisse,
 The Bridemaids Banquet enter'd is,
 The Youth devour'd it halfe,
 To end it, not his tast to please.
 For minding those sweets comming, these
 Were dull, as Whey and Chasse.

25.

At last, the lights and mee, went out.
 Now what remain'd to do, they do't.
 Some say they danc'd a Jig.
 If so (Jack) 'twas but such as that
 That thou and I th' Bower had
 With Betty and with Peg.

216.

But ah ! how short's the tenure of mans blisse
On this side immortality ! alas !
The gaudiest Fate with black lines dapled is.
What mortall e'r so bright a day did passe,
But viewing o'r the howers at Night, has seen
Some he had wish'd had not so gloomy been ?

217.

Yee happy Hermits ! secur'd by kind fate,
From the gilt curse of Fortunes flattery !
Your blisse alone enjoys a fixed seat,
Ours ebb and flow ; you only wealthy be
In voluntary Poverty, and still (will.
Pleas'd what e'r comes, since what's heavens is your

218.

Whilst we are the blind Idoll Fortune's sport,
We are her Balls (stufft (ah) how beggerly)
The world so hazzardfull's her Tennis-court,
Contents the Cord, Her bandying Rackets be
Hope and Despair, with these, she (wanting eyne)
Tosse us, ofter below than 'bove the Line.

219.

Soon to THEREVTVS this crosse newes made wing
That ULORVS (who now he thought had made
The Wormes a feast) on Beauty banqueting
In his fair Daughters armes entwined laid.
So stead of being into his first dust thrown,
Of his own flesh was a chief member grown.

220.

No Bear rob'd of her Cubs, no hunted Boar
 Melted to foam, chaf't with so bunched a brow.
 As dread Tarpean *Jove* when's thunder tore
 The Welkin, and his fork't bolts laid full low
 Th' ambitious Piles the hundred hands had rear'd;
 With wrath so arm'd the furious King appear'd.

221.

How can an Infant Muse reach at such woe?
 Which only he can tell that Father is
 To but one girl (whom *Cypria* did indew
 With her choice gifts, and *Delius* with his)
 When he sees him clasp'd in her dear armes ly
 Whom he thinks his, and her worst enemy?

222.

What Earthquakes in a Land th' Kings anger makes!
 As th' Forest trembles when the Lions roar,
 As Schoole-Boyes when his rod their Master shakes:
 Such Palsie seiz'd the Court, And horror more
 Than curiosity made all long to know
 Since the dread arm was up, whole should be th' blow.

223.

But these are safe in their best sute of Male
 Their Innocence, the Queen and hers are meant.
 So meannesse oft times is the low shrubs baile,
 When Cyclops sweat the lofty Cedars rent.
 Now overhasty Prince, who would not be
 Rather a Groom than Wife or Childe to thee?

224.

224.

The King no sooner thought it than he sent
To th' Ile a Confident, a man whose will
He knew was melted into his, and bent
To feast all's humors were they good or ill.
He in Commission strong and's trusty Band
Soon left his own, and gain'd th' Aeolian strand.

225.

What time the pale Moon peeping through a cloud,
The secrets of the sullen night behold,
He and his train through the Queens guard did croud
With the Black Rod in's hand, which, her, he told
The King had sent, in token she must go
With him, the cause and end she soon should know.

226.

The patient Queen with humble grace repli'd,
" And wills the King I soon my end should know?
" I thank his Grace, by making me his Bride:
" He heav'd me to the high'st seat Earth can show,
" And still he's good (since then this Earth hath none
" More rich) in giving me a Heavenly Throne.

227.

To th' Princeesse Lodgings next this Messenger
Of Death made way, where he did vertue see
With valour sporting; she with her brave Dear,
She the sweet burthen of the Gallants knee.
So Turtles bill, so Kids upon the Plaine,
Their snowie limbes doe wantonly enchain.

128.

228.

One of her hands (that compact of firm snow
 And softer Ivory) he glew'd to's Lip,
 Her other play'd with's jetty Locks. Doves so
 From twig to twig as her quick fingers trip
 From curl to curl, do halten; but as they
 Are th' Fowlers: so must these be Fortunes prey.

229.

Now blasts their ears the cruel Message sent
 From th' angry King; now they (O harshest Death!)
 From eithers sweet embracements must be rent.
 This melts the Princeesse's eyes, th' affright her breath
 Stopt, and she fainting catcht fast at her Dear,
 As drowning men at any bough that's near.

230.

Upon his Arm she her declining head
 Did rest, whilst death in gliding sleeps disguise
 Crept softly o'r her silence; fear bespred
 Her silver Lids as curtaines 'fore her eyes
 (Wherein the Sun was set) that her losse might
 Not give her fresh wounds by the bitter sight.

231.

Those Corral twins her Lips which late I gueſt
 Bloud hardned into blushing ſtone, turn'd clay.
 Her Breath retired to perfume her Breast;
 Her Roſes and her Lillies drooping lay;
 Her late ſwift Pulſes ſlept, and did conſtraine
 Their wanton dances in her Sapphire veine.

232.

232.

Th' uncivill Pursivant arm'd with the wreath
Of his dread Master, falketh foule upon
The noble Youth; nought threats he lesse than Death,
Than which the vigorous Law more harsh had none.
So *Falstaffe* triumph'd o'r *Hotspur's* stiffe clay;
But, what cannot resist is Asses prey.

233.

The Gallant youth who in just rage e'r while
Would such unmannerly soules kick from their slime,
Now seems no sense of injury to feel
Because the Mans high trust secur'd his crime
From privat chastisement; words poiz'd should be
Not by their own weight but the tongues degree.

234.

The Ladies that their due attendance paid
To the sweet Princeesse in the fright all shear.
Distracted thus, few to their Mitris laid
Their helping bands, which they employ to tear
Their hair now skar'd on end: all their tongues thus
Secure thy selfe by flight Lord ULORVS.

235.

As the last Trump shall at that great Assiise
(That Day of raising bones, and quickning clay)
Rallie our scatter'd attomes, and we rise
From out the mouldie Beds wherein we lay:
So at that Loved name ROSELIA broke
The bars of drowzie Death, and gently woke.

FINIS.



ELIZA

The Author *R.B. Gent.*

OVID.

---Huic labrr est placidam exorare Puellam.



LONDON,

Printed by *W.H.* for *Tho: Dring.*
1650.

ASIA

1790

1790

1790

1790

Upon the first sight of
ELIZA,

Masked.



When her faint Metaphore, Heavens radiant eye
 Puts his black Velvet Mask of darknesse by
 And freely shines, those Statues of live Jet
 I'th' Eastern shores half pickled up in sweat
 Adore his Lustre; but they never bow
 Whilst Clouds case up and night-cap his fair Brow:
 So when mine eyes first reacht her, the (alas!)
 Was Mask'd, and Ignorant I by did passe
 Without adoring, when such Shrines as hers
 May make Saints croud to be Idolaters.

When Lady-like Loadstones in boxes cas'd
 I've sometimes seen neer Iron wedges plac't

The

The am'rous metall wav'd, and still crept neer,
 As if it knew its Love were shrined there.
 I felt this sympathy, and in my breast
 (Like a stray Bird now fluttering near his Neast,
 Or like the Needle) my warm'd Heart did hover,
 As who would say, the North I do discover,
 The Center, cease then amongst the Rocks to steer
 Thy course, but fix with presporous Omens here.

Now with devouter eyes I lookt agen,
 But her black veil not drawn, thus (thought I then)
 Thus Angels Pictures in the Sacred Quire
 Are veild to raise our adoration higher.

Still (fair one) for the common good thus shroud
 Your beames in waving curl, or silken cloud,
 Or you'll scorch more than *Phaeton* with one Ray,
 Whose shine might send the Cime'rans a Day.

Each Heart an *Atna*, evry man must turn
 A Salamander, and even living burn.

Blind as wag *Cupid* your refulgency
 (As it did his) will strike each daring eye.
 Myriads on each side as you walk must fall
 As spurious Eaglets 'fore your Emblem *Sol*.

Thus you'd with looks Philosophy controul
 And Fate, and leave the world without a Soul,
 Or prove (which I confesse, since I was hit)
 This all hath but one soul, and you are it.

On ELIZA Unmasked.

(now
When her bright eyes (those ruling Starres which
 Must guide my Fortune, and mine Actions too
 Boasting a power 'bove Fate) pleas'd to dispell
 Those silken mists and clouds which trembling fell
 'Fore them, as bowing to those Rayes Divine,
 And whilst they did ecclipse, adore their shrine.
 Now darted she her beames through Beauties skies
 And kindled willing me her Sacrifice.

So Heaven its holy fier once did fling
 On its *Elijah's* piled offering,
 Like it, in pure and Turtle flames I burne
 Ne'r to be quencht till th' Pyle shall ashes turne;
 Then, like a coal in dust of Juniper
 Mine Heart shall glow a Martyr still to her.

Since then i'm turn'd all heat, had she not best
 Consult with coldnesse, so to slake my breast?
 No, Fondling no, then (as the deeper well
 Makes fuell of the Ice) my flame will swell.

Thou then, the twang of whose Bow all commands,
 Turn thy plum'd shafts to sacred fierbrands,
 And make her Breast the Vestall Harth, that she
 May sweetly burn in equall flames with me,
 So (Love's 'bove Nature) this fire that sh'ant smother
 But both vie Ardour, and maintaine each other.

Sonnet.

To ELIZA upon May day morning. 1649.

I.

See! (Fairest) Virgins gather dew;
 Swing'd Heralds blaze on evry bough
 May's come; if you say so, tis true.
 For thus your Power's 'bove his that seasons sway,
 He brings the Moneth, but you must make it May.
 Arise, Arise
 Bright eyes,
 And silver over Beauties skies:
 You set, Noon's Night, you up, each Day
 Turns jolly May.

2.

Now Venus hatches her young Doves,
 This fruitfull Moneth's proper for Loves,
 Though Aprill sayes like her it moves
 Full of sad change; but you may chase away
 All showres with smiles, and make all our days May.
 Arise, Arise, &c.

3.

All, but you, Love, (though all love you.)
 The Birds their song each morn renew,
 Even Earth has dond her gandy hue.

Since

ELIZA.
Since all things else are blith, let your kind Ray
Do more than Sol's, and make in me too May.
Arise, Arise, &c.

4.

May this Moneth last, when bald Time shall
Climb your fair Hill of Youth, may all
His steps be slip'rie, and he back fall
To Beauties Spring, that your cheek may alway
That lustre weare that now adorneth May.
Arise, Arise
Bright eyes,
And silver over Beauties skies, &c.

Song.

A Dialogue 'twixt Passion and Reason.

- P. **V**V Hy doth her smiling eye shoot Rayes
(Able to gild a Captives Dayes,)
Which kindle in my Soul Desire?
- R. 'Cause Love that dwels there is a fire.
- P. But why is tender Pitty bar'd
Out of her Heart that's frozen hard,
And cold as yeie Scythia?
- R. 'Cause Love's a Nymph born o'the Sea.
And like her wavering Dame to be
Is faithlesse, as the Moon or Shee.

Chorus.

Love is cold, and yet a fire,
 Tis a hot cold fiction,
 A pleasant Affliction,
 A fond Desire,
 That puzzles Reason with a meer contradiction.

To ELIZA, with my Cyprian
 Academy.

Lady,

NOW hath the Youthfull Spring unbound
 The Icie fetters of the Ground,
 And ransom'd *Flora* from beneath
 The frosty Prison of the *Earth*.
 Fresh cloaths of State she spreads upon
 The Downes, in hope you'l walke thereon,
 And many fair *flowers* she doth create
 Your fair cheeks to imitate,
 Then borrowes perfumes for her Birth
 From the Spicery of your *Breath*.

Shall I more barren than the thick
Element be? no, I'm more quick,
 When she but *leaves*, see! *fruits* I bring,
 Though scarce (I fear) well rellishing.
 Their only excuse is, they be
 Early, in the yeers Infancy
 Even tender *Weeds* 'mong *Sallads* passe,
 And young things claime to prettinesse.

These

These *clusters*, if yet *sowre* of *tast*,
 (As being somewhat too soon *Prest*,
 And nipt with many an envious *blast*) }
 Thus still may hope *maturity*,
 From the kind *sunshine* of your *eye*.
 Daign but to gild them with one *Ray*,
 And evry *spring* shall turn a *Bay*
 Green as that *coy* one. And I'd dare
 To swear they're good when *yours* they are;
 In you and *shrines* *Divinity* dwells
 That *hallowes* all your *utenfills*.

So I may hope too your sweet *Power*
 Might make even *me* good were I

Your

R. B.

Upon a Black patch on ELIZA'S cheek,
 cut in the form of an Heart.

What's this, that holds that kappy place
 Her *Cheek*? and to requite such grace
 Serves for a *foyle* unto her face?

Such *Mole*, the *Queen* hot Hearts obay,
 Such *Spots* she beares that makes *Night* Day,
 Such *Thone* of Love wore *Helena*.

At distance, like a *Cloud* it shoves
 I'th' Skie when Morn doth first disclose,
 Or like a *Fly* upon a *Rose*.

G 3

Near,

Near, tis an *Heart*, which being so nigh
The *Torrid Zone* of her bright eye,
Is *scorch'd* into the *Negro's* die.

I guesst it some poor *Heart*, which late
Died th' Martyr of her Love and Hate,
Now Mourner turn'd for its sad fate.

And for Reward of Loyalty
Made by some pittyng Destinie
A mourning Star in *Beauties* skie.

Straight on my Breast my Hand was thrown,
From whence I found my *Heart* was flown,
And thought to claime this for mine own.

But mine flames bright like Juniper,
A Turtle *Sacrifice* to her,
Not turn'd a coal by black *Despair*.

Yet lively this doth Typifie
My State me thought, if *January*
Should keep her *Heart* as *June* her eye.

But since my *Heart* will be her Guest,
May it not be shut out, but rest
For ay ith' *Paradise* of her Breast.

Song.

The Rose.

1.

From Eliza's Breast
 (That sweet Nest
 Where my heart and Cupid rest)
 I took a Rose-bud, which flew thither
 For shelter from the drougthy weasher.

2.

Whilst a Place it held
 In that field
 Of Lillies with Violet Mazes rill'd,
 It gathered all its sweetnesse there,
 And smells not of it selfe, but Her.

3.

I thought to kisse the
 Stalk, but see
 It (angry) rais'd it's fangs at me,
 And prickt my lips in poor revenge
 For making it its sweet bed change.

4.

Whilst it therein laid
 In its shade
 Thousand Cupids frisk'd and plaid
 With Fairy Graces thither come
 To prove her Breast Elizium.

5.

Whence had it this die?
 Did the skie
 Lend it her Ruby Livery?
 No, No, it only blusht to see
 Her cheeks excell its gallantry.

6.

See! so to be sham'd
 And be tane
 From her bosom, the poor wan
 Languishing floure its leaves hath spread
 For Griefe, and lies (griefes Martyr) dead.

7.

In it yet doth lie
 Fragrancy;
 Thus must choycest Beauties die,
 But as this after death shall be
 Still od'rous in their memory.

The Temper.

1.

Cease me with Ardour to infest
 Fierce *Leo*, and Heavens burning stone,
 Th' Idalian fire hath made my Breast
 Loves *Africk*, Cupids Torrid Zone,
 Or *Aetna*, which doth feed such great
 Flames, as I need no other Heat.

2.

Invested in thine icie tire
 Come hoary Hyems to my reliefe.
 But yet I fear before my fire
 Thoul't drop away; or else for Griefe
 Dissolve to briny tears to see
 My feaver, and drown thy selfe and me.

3.

If Poison Poison can allay,
Sol fires extinguish with his beams,
 Come *Titan*, with thy scalding Ray
 Look out my flame. If by th' extremes
 I chance to get a Calenture,
 That's cool to what I now endure.

4.

Cease Winter crown'd with Cristall ice
 To frigidate my *Eliza*.
 Her Heart's the Court of *Dian* nice,
 Who makes it *Greenland*, *Scythia*
 Or *Caucasus*, the frozen Station
 Of cold which needs no Augmentation.

5.

She's white enough, and well may spare
 Thine ashie fleece, a foyle to her,
 Which when it sees it self so far
 Excell'd, dissolves into a tear,
 For spight its not so fair as she,
 It turnes durt foule as others be.

6.

Come *Phæbus* arm'd with scorching beams,
 Besiege her with *Iunes* heat. But I
 Fear e'r shee'l thaw to amorous streames
 Thy selfe wilt freeze, or from her eye
 (The Cittadell o'th' God of Love)
 Thou'lt be shot and my Rivall prove.

7.

If Snow can keep the Saplings warm,
 If Wells be hottest in *December*,
 Winter thy selfe with Ice go arme,
 And come beleager evry member,
 Till she yeelds *Dian* shall be sent
 Into perpetuall Banishment.

8.

When thou hast chas'd her from her hold,
 And art posselt thy selfe of it,
 If by thy over-chilly cold
 She chance an Ague for to get,
 He shall extract from me such *Cyprian* heat
 As'l cast us both into a panting sweat.

The Lovers Sun.

I.

L Et age-dry'd *Aeson* Sacrifice
 To *Sol*, and he whose weather-wise
 Autumnine joynts at evry blast
 Of *Boreas* keener Breath are cast
 Into a Palsie, and do find
 As much adoe to stand i'th' wind
 And frost, as the thatcht shud, which he
 Erected in's Minority.

And let *Amyntas*, and the Swaine
 Whose Soule is corn, and Hope the gain
 That the kindly-ripping Springs
 And Golden-headed Harvett brings,

Evry Yeer

An Altar rear

To the gay Planet of the East,
 And with a fatted Horse him feast.

2.

My heape of clay
Needeth no Day.

Besides, thou want'st enough of Light
To make it day when she makes Night.
So smiles or frownes she me upon
I either slight, or with thee gon.

4.

Nor owe I unto thee, but Her
All the foure Seasons of the yeer.
When *Hyems* hath benum'd the World
And such a cold about it hurld
As thou thy selfe hadst need to shine
Wrapt in an Irish Gausopine,
If I obtaine a Glance of Her
Or if her Name but strikes mine eare,
I am with a strange heat posselt,
A Lightning's darted through my Breast,
And in my glowing Soul Desire
Hath kindled such a Vestall fire

As *Trent* and *Thames*
With all their streames

Shall ne'r quench : but for aye shall burne,
And warm mine ashes in mine Urne.

5.

When thy fierce heat (Olympick coal)
Hath crack'd and thaw'd the Icy Pole,
And thou hast wrought thy toylsom track
Up to the lofty Lyons back,
And thereon rid'it environed
With beames ejected from thine Head,

That

That rive the ground, and singe the Grasse
 And tan the jolly Shepherdesse.
 The Oxe now grazes not, but lies
 Tormented by the stinging Flies,
 Or runs to find a cooler Bower,
 I'll flight thy Tyrannizing Power,
 I'll not in (vain)
 With frost againe,
 But shroud me from that flame of thing
 In her sweet Grove of Eglantine.

6.

Neither canst thou (for all thy heat)
 Two Seasons at one time create,
 But all succeed by turns. In her
 All fower at one Time appeare.
 The Spring perfum'd with fragrancy
 I'th' Violets of her veines I spie;
 To evidence tis Summer Time
 Her Lips bear Cherries in their prime;
 With I *Autum*? Lo, all the Year
 On her Cheek hangs a *Katherine* Pear;
 And Apples on her Breast be set
 By Nature fairer far than that
 Which tempted *Eve*
 T'eat without leave.

If I desire a Winters Day
 Warm Snow upon her hands doth lay.
 But Ah! (which most I grieve to tell)
 He also in her Heart doth dwell.

CD 122
97
*Upon a black patch on ELIZA'S Breast
cut in the form of a Dart.*

SURE *Cupid* thou hast lost thine Art?
See how neer, yet in vain thy Dart
Flew to my dearest dearest's Heart?

What triumphs can such Archery claim?
Reason would have thought in half this time
You might have taken surer aime.

But Pardon, I blaspheme in Jest,
Yet dread not thy Revenge i'th' least,
Thou canst not wound me more than th' hast.

But 'cause I'de have thee not refuse
Againe at her thy Bow to use,
I'l cog, and frame thee this excuse.

You gaz'd so long her eyes upon
(Far brighter than thy Psyche's own,
Or Heavens illustrating stone)

As dazled with the wondrous flame,
Alas! you lost your levell'd aime,
And with halfe strength thine Arrow came;

Which, losing th' point did side-waies fall,
And on her Breast hung like a small
Anchor upon a free-stone wall.

To ELIZA with my Apology for
PARIS.

SEE! (Sweet) the Trojan Prince is come
To you t' attend his finall doome,
His judgement oft hath Judged been,
And controverted *Pro* and *Con*,
But if you please t'allow it just
He'l henceforth scorne each Criticks gust.
And from your mouth our Oracle
Wee'l him Loves *Minos* ever call.
If my soft Muse you think ran low
In blazing *Cypria*, and I show
But a pale shadow of her worth,
Alas! tis 'cause I drew it forth
Before your eye beames did inspire
My fancy with Idalian fire.
If this I said for th' Queen of Love
What had I said if you had strove?
In your behalfe? but (fairest) then
No Argument had needed been,
The least glance of your conquering eyes
Had made the youth lay Beauties prize
And's Heart too, at your feet, without
Which to prefer the smallest doubt;
And then he had not needed mee
To coyne him this Apologie.
Such choice even *Cato* had approv'd,
And *Cesar* for it had him lov'd.
For this I'l prove, with smal expence of wit,
VENUS gat Beauties prize, you merit it.

To ELIZA, with a Tulip fashion'd
Watch.

Lady,

THis measure of Time accept with serene eye
From him, whose Love to you shall Time out-vie.

See ! what disguise this spie of Day doth wear,
A Tulip ! as the forge its Garden were.
Indeed heat procreates even Flowers, but this
A peece of an Egyptian Myserie is.

Time, by a Flower denotes how suddenly,
Earths frailer crops bloom, flourish, fade, and die,
In speciall Beauty (that sweet Tulip) hasts
To waite on Time, then use it whilst it lasts.

When these small clicking orbs you busie hear,
Panting in their round journey, like the Spheres,
Think so my constant heart doth palpitate
Towards you, and th' Pulse of my Affections beat,
Ne'r to stand, till seee that each happy thing
Envies (the peevisish sister) cuts the string.

Song.

The Maiden Blush.

VHere hast thou been Aurora bright ?
With Bacchus revelling last Night ?
And now the Clarret thou drank'st there,
It's tincture of thy cheeks appear.

H

Or

*Or thou art turned Gallant gay?
And wilt perhaps to Court to Day?
And for thy more admired grace
Hast painted thy enchanting face?*

*But Eliza has not revelling been
Nor means to be i'th' Presence seen,
And yet the same Vermilion
Her Rose-tinted cheek is on.*

*Or Morn doth blush to see, so far
Her selfe excell'd in hue by her,
Else sure carnation Heaven doth die
Her cheeks, or they bepaint the skie.*

Doubts & Feares

Rouze Erra Pater, and erect a Scheme,
Tell, tell me, may I hope one cheering beame
From my Loves eye? say, shall my Joyes become
Perfect on this side of Elizium?
Cast, Cast a figure, shall I find that place
On Earth in a sweet Heaven of her embrace.

Why should hope flatter me? since her fair hands
I find so loath to tie those life-long bands?
But why should she shun *Juno's* fane? or be
So adverse to the Genial Deitie?

Truth on mens tongues (she saies) doth seldom sit
But what they rashly swear they soon forget.
Shee saies they write in Sand when they take oathes
And keep their vowes just as they weare their cloaths,

While

Whilst only they be new and fresh i'th' fashion
 But once grown old (like words they speak in Passion)
 They lay them by forgot, and their Loves leave
 With watry eyes to waile the faith they gave
 To their more watry vowes; And then in Pride
 In scornes Triumphall Chariot will they ride
 Over their spoyles, and tirannously glory
 How many female Trophees deck their story.
 So quick-cele *Theſeus* of two conquests vapour,
 Poor *Ariadne* and the Minotaure,
 And leaves Fame in the Labyrinth to tell
 Of that, or himsele which was beast most fell.
 So did false *Jason* by his vow-breach prove
 'Twas gaine he sought for, not *Medea's* Love.
 Thus slippery streames the yielding banks do court;
 Then gliding thence, say they but lov'd in sport.
 Thus winds wooe Flowers, but having of their smells
 Rob'd them, fly thencee perfum'd to other cells.

Rouse ye infernall Hags, yee direfull three
 From the foule lakes of Nights darke Empery.
 Give me a bunch of Scorpions to lash
 Lady-deceivers, and to teare their flesh
 With stings, more than they did the gentle hearts
 Of maids they cheated with their Crocodile Arts.
 Hells curse on the inconstant crew that tooke
 Loves sacred name their fraud or lust to cloak.
 Vipers to your own kind, its long on you
 Ladies scarce credit us that would be true.

Rest thee *Ixion*, these deserve to feel
 The weary service of thy constant wheel.
 May the inconstant Stone disturb your rests,
 And ravenous Vultures banquet on your Breasts.
 And 'cause your flame of Love went out, fry there
 In flames eternall as your shame is here.

There (though not here) be constant in your tones;
 But let them be *Caligula's* musick, groanes.
 May heaven invent new Plagues, and Poets adde
 More curses for you to the store we had.
 And may your Ribs in Hell a Grydiron be
 Whereon your soules may broile eternally.

But ah ! I faint ! I fear my fate is near,
 I feel that colder poyson sad Despair
 Invade my veines, shaking my cot of clay,
 Warning my soul out; thus warn'd none can stay.
 Yet may I ere on Earth I quit my room
 Bespeak a better in Elizium.

Sweet SVCKLING then, the glory of the Bower
 Wherein I've wanton'd many a geniall hower,
 Fair Plant ! whom I have seen *Minerva* wear
 An ornament to her well-plaited hair
 On highest daies, remove a little from
 Thy excellent CAREVV, and thou dearest TOM,
 Loves Oracle, lay thee a little off
 Thy flourishing SVCKLING, that between you both
 I may find room : then, strike when will my fate,
 I'll proudly hast to such a Princely feat.
 But you have Crownes, our Gods chaste darling Tree
 Adorn your Brows with her fresh gallantry.
 Stay, I'll go get a wreath too, the Saint I
 So long ador'd a Willow can't deny,
 I'll claim it, and of that as proud be seen
 (Cause tis her favour, and in her hand hath been)
 As you of Lawrell; tis as fresh, as green.

Sonnet.
The Protestation.

I.

First stones shall races upward run,
Scots forget craft, and Avarice Jewes;
The Needle its dear North shall shun,
And Impudence the publique Stewes;
First supple flattery Nero's Court shall flee,
E're I cease thee to Love, and only Thee.

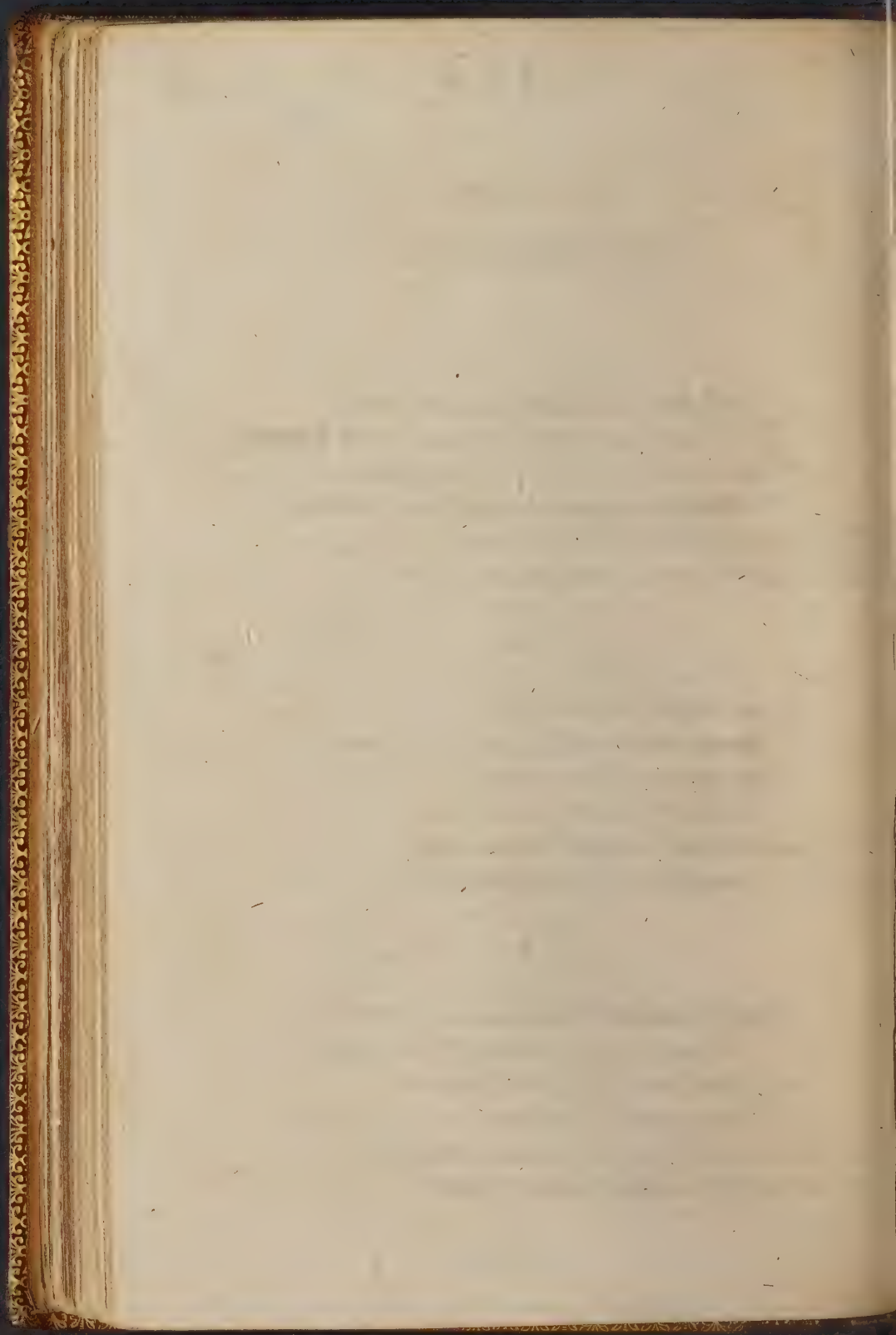
6.

If any object to mine eye
Seems fair, but what in thee is found;
If my dull ear hears melody
Besides thy voice in any sound;
If my abused taste its art should misse,
And relish ought besides thy balmy kisse;

4.

If my false touch should think it hath
Felt any thing smoooth or soft, but thee;
Or if my smell, besides thy Breath
Counts ought Perfume, or Nard to be;
May Titians Kites feast on me, whilst I see
My Rivall joy in and enjoying Thee.

FINIS.



POEMS.

The Author *R. B. Gent.*



LONDON,

Printed by *W. H.* for *Tho: Dring.*
1650.





Upon Birth and Infancy.

I.

Birth is a kind of Resurrection;
 For Man is buried ere he be brought forth.
 Th' membrane that veiles the tender Embrion
 Is first its winding sheet, then swadling cloath.
 Death ushers in mans life, so that the wombe
 Is both his genethliack Inne and Tombe.

2.

Birth is a kind of Goale delivery.
 A Prisoner ere he knowes what's to be free
 Man is. Thrice three Moneths doth he cloystered lie
 In a maturnall Dungeon, after, he
 Lives halfe in nights; whom *Lucine* forth doth let
 Leaves not his darknesse, but exchanges it.

3.

3.

Gods Commissary Nature doth bestow
 The inborn Principalls and Physicall
 Dictates of Reason on him, this yee don't know.
 And thus alone he proves he's rationall,
 He wailes with cries which no salt teares do want
 The Ignorance of which he's Ignorant.

4.

His lives twilight, or dawning of the Day
 In this same wheel or circular is spent,
 He sucks, sleeps, cries, *Tria sunt omnia.*
 As if he deem'd Death gain, Life punishment.
 He's quiet but sleeping when in jeast he dies,
 But when he wakes, and finds he lives, he cries.

5.

He is beholding to (though he's by Birth
 The Monarch of the whole creation)
 Brute Animalls and hospitable earth
 Both for his vestments and nutrition.
 Being cloath'd he's lull'd asleep by his own cry,
 So, ere he 'gins to live, he learns to die.

*In Principem arma petentem.
 --- Erit ille mihi semper Deus.*

AND weares his Highnesse Buffe ? stir, *Vulcan*, stir
 The coales, and forge bolts for Heavens Thunderer,
 To naile his foes to earth with. Now assume
 Celestiall Archer thy sure Bow, new plume
 The Shaft that pierc'd the Python ; *Neptune* bear
 Thy Fork aloft and many maid thy Spear.
 Setn *Mars* girt on thy sword and shake the Lance,
 Thy knotty Club, great *Hercules*, advance.
 Arm Gods, and *Hero's* arm, keep watch and war d
 About his Person and be his Life Guard.

May evry Sun present him with fresh Bay,
 May he ne'r know what tis to misse o'th' Day.
 May's name (like *Zisca's* Drum) his foes affright,
 May their hearts drop into their heeles at's sight;
 And may our arms pave all the way he treads
 With peacefull Olives, or bold Rebels heads.

Kind *Jove* give Fortune eyes, for could she see
 Whom she attends upon, it could not be
 That (to what place so e're he would betake him)
 She should so hate her selfe, as to forsake him.

TO

That Darling of Virtue his dear Friend
 JOHN VVROTH, Esq;

I Love thee highly, but for what ?
 Is't for thy blood or Births sake ? no
 I'm not so fond to dote on that
 Which ballanced no weight doth know,

Nor

Nor object to the eye doth bear,
But only fills the vulgar ear.

Nor for thy fortunes, since we know
They (sometimes) like the faithlesse sea
Ebb from the good, to th'impious flow,
And them with flattery betray:
Stealing, like to the theevish sands,
When most they grasp them through their hands,

From dead mensurnes and dust doth come
Gentilitie, but wealth doth take
Its rise yet lower, that's but scum
Of the sulphury boyling Lake.
These I respect, but what I love
In thee, is something from above.

Vertue it is, which as a Star
In thy ennobled Soule doth shine
Fixed, as in its proper Sphear,
And making thee (like it) Divine.
For th' rest I honour thine Ancestours,
Greatnesse we borrow, Vertu's ours.

*To that emulated piece of Perfection the
Lady Diana Willoby.*

With Sir Tho: Overbury's Wife.

Lady,

Here comes a Wife to kisse your hand
By whom both Death and Life her Parent got.
Yet she's not the worse to be entertain'd
Since th' first was her ill fate, the last her Plot.
Her chief fault (whereof all have some) that I
Find, is that hitherto she'th mist your eye.

Your eye! ah! too too dark a word! our Sun
To which all Poets their braines-births should bring
There to betri'd (as Eagles oft have done
Their young ones to the Planets glorious King;)
And banish those, as spurious from their Nest
That could no: 'bide your most judicious Test.

View her then (Madam) or rather your self view;
For she's your shaddow, you her substance are.
What he Lord wish't in her, yours find in you,
As you th' originall, she the copy were.
Use her thereafter, if she welcom misse
You are harsh even to your selfe, for you she is.

And I your

&c.

To my Honour'd Friend Benjamin Garfield
Esq; Upon his excellent Tragi-comedy
Entitled
The Unfortunate Fortunate.

AND is thy Sock on friend? ascend the Stage
 And tell the Antimaskers of our Age
Thalia's harth shall Smoke yet; what though that
 Pig-wiggin Satyrift makes the poor Presse sweat
 With dull invectives 'gainst her Comick train?
 Pox, tis 'cause he wants ears to hear her straine.
 We find (such surfet th' Iron Age hath tane)
 More moralls at a Theater than some Fane,
 Our Brittish Turksexhort us there with heat
 With Poleaxes into mens heads to beat
 Their new Capricio's, this Enigma there,
 To obey Kings by opposing, is call'd cleer.
 These are the truest Playes, those we stile so
 Teach us in jeast in earnest what to do.
 They're Sermons in disguise, a good Play is
 A Lecture of humanity. So is This.
 Thy Muse, the goodliest of the *Love-born* Quire,
 (From whole Syrenious voyce and mellow Lyre
Orphens might learn to tune the chiming Sphears)
 Unto a Musick Banquet calls ours ears,
 Where ('cause best melody in Discords dwell)
 Countrey and Court our hearing Organs fill.
 First *Balaam's* Asses bray, beasts set on end,
 Soules drown'd in lumps of flesh that downwards tend.
 Yet 'mong these walking clods thine *EFFRE* shoves
 Like one of *Venus* team trooping with Crowes.

She

She thus disguiz'd is no more blemished
 Than a rich Diamon'd that's set in Lead.
 Of their Rusticitie she partaked lesse
 Than th' scaly Tribe do o'th' seas brackishnesse.
 So *Danube* scornes with *Sava's* muddy tyde
 To mix though both through the same channel glide.
 Thus the coy River *Arethusa* ran
 Piercing the bowells of the Ocean
 Some hundred Leagues, and then forth issued
 Free from salt Tincture as at her springs head.
 Thou tell'st us how one Dart struck two together,
 Plum'd with a Turtles, not a Sparrows feather.
 But oh the frownes of chance that Lovers meet?
 " 'Lesse 't had sowre sawce Love were too sweet a meat.
 Now a foule Dungeons eccho must reply
 Their itterated vowes of constancy.
 Yet nor this storm of Fate, nor cage them moves,
 But here like Nightingales they chant their Loves.
 " A great mind, maugre usurt Power, or thrall,
 " Is free in *CARISBROOK* as in *WHITEHALL*.
 At length their Innocence breakes forth like Day
 And chase black Nights suspicious clouds away.
 " Fortune's like *Proteus* the changling Kern,
 " But kick and she'l to her true shape return.
 Thy Lovers fortitude in hard assays
 Got them the Nuptiall Garland, thee the Bayes,
 In which ere verdant wreath no branch of Vine
 I spie, its dew'd with *Helicon*, not Wine.
 With strenuous sinewie words that *CAT'LINE* swells
 I reckon't not among th' Men-miracles.
 How could that Poem heat and vigour lack
 When each line oft cost *BEN* a glasse of sack?
 " When brisk Canary flowes with Castaly,
 " Wits torrent swells, and the proud flood boiles high.

If you mixt ought with th' *Aganippe* floud,
 'Twas but an Heritiques, not God *Bacchus*'s blond,
 The Hop's the Heritique, yet thou art he
 Bring'st Trath of Poesie out of Heresie.
 If such things flow from th'fat, a Brewers horse
 I'l yoak with Medusean *Pegasus*.
 The Grape and Hop in the same scale I'l put.
 Now, now, the Hoghead's equall with the Butt.
 Go, forth, and live, great Master of thy Pen,
 And share the Lawrell with thy namesake BEN,
 Whose Genius thou hast as well as name,
 And as your wits are equall, May your Fame.
 It rests, but that I wish the Actors may
 As well as thou hast written, make the Play.
 " Playes written are not finished, made they are
 " I'th' study first, next on the Theater.

E R Y N I S,

O R,

*Discords Speech in a private
 Presentment.*

Hoop, Hoop me, or I burst ! to what a fear'd
 Stupendious height I have my Trophies rear'd ?
 Though yet my Power and wishes be not even
 My head at each step tilts 'gainst stars in Heaven,
 In Heaven, where onely *Jove* me rule denies,
 But as he hath me from above the skies

I've

I've banish'd him beneath ; so of the tripple
 World he but one part holds, but I a couple.
 Far, as the messe of jarring Brothers I
 Do puffle my severing breath, if they swell high
 And stiffely plead their claimes to th' airy throne
 In Thunder that hoarse *Stentors* base doth drowne,
 These my officious wormes as loud have hist,
 And prest from *Hæmus* top *Mars* to assitt
 Their rage, with artificiall claps that mock
Joves idle terrors, and his Region shake.
 If they disigning to invade the skie
 Throw christal mounts on mounts to scale thereby;
 And from their Potgun throats belch gusts that teare
 (Granado like) the Houses of the air,
 In this my knotty bunch worse stormes each Snake
 Can raile, which down at last in red showres break.

Thanks dutious Son, more sage than *Machiavel*
 (Though the joke saies he scarce is match'd in Hell)
 Thanks for abusing the aspiring traine
 Their easie faith with, but Divide and Raigne.
 To their hopes scene now longing court they me
 Where I make them toyle for their Tragedie.
 Thus gull'd, they find no Raign, but that of blood,
 And Plagues high swelling as *Ducalions* Floud.
 Whilst I and Spoyle, like mercenary Bands
 Quell them that call us in, and share their Lands.
 Thus Slaves crowd in, whilst I with smiling chear
 But clap my hands and cry fight Dog fight Beare.
 Successe thus makes th' Oraculous sentence good,
 Divide and DISCORD Raign, thee's understood.

An Anniverse on the fifth of
November.

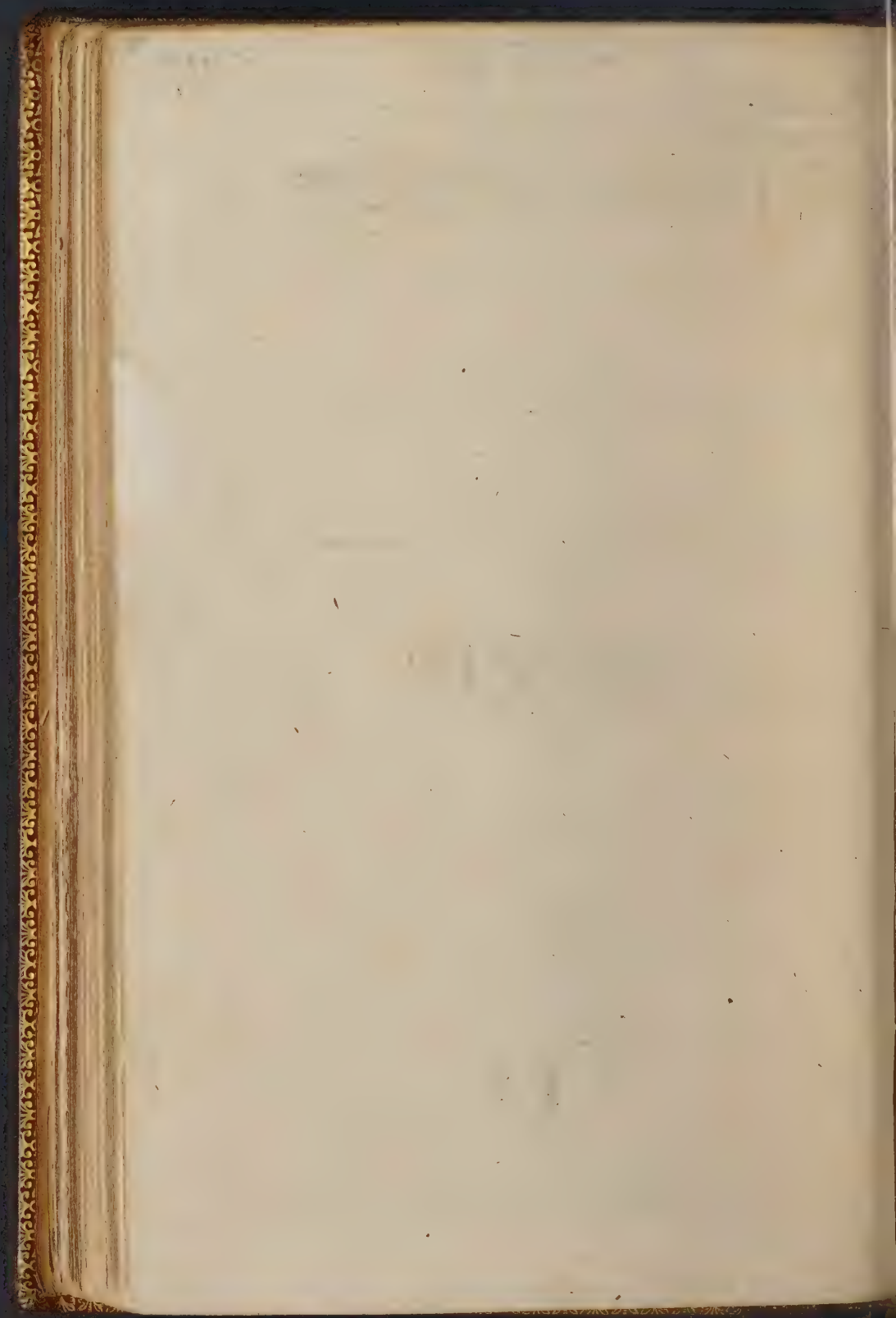
YOU that derive your far-fetch'd Pedigree
From mighty *Brute*, from th' Son of *Saturne* He,
Sing Io, Io, and fill the sportfull skies
With songs, for joy you tore them not with cries.

This is the Day (meant for your Day of Doom)
In which to *Babell*, rather than to *Rome*
Your Commons, Peers, your Prince, your Queen, and King
Were all intended a burnt-offering.

The Pyle was built, the sulphurous train was laid
Which had but one Squib of a Nation made;
Had the least spark but lent it breath 't had driven
In bright *Elijahs* Chariot to Heaven
Princes and Prophets; tattered limbs had fill'd
The air, where bloud had in red showers distill'd.
Quick Death had given no time to fear his spight,
The active flame had seiz'd ere had the fright.
The coward Dame had cut threads unprepar'd,
And wounded men ere they could wake to ward.
Who ere were those unfortunate male contents
That of this dire Treason were Instruments,
The Author was that subterranean Fiend
The common Enemy of Man, his end
A scandall and an odium to bring
Upon those People whom their peacefull King
So strongly guards from all his other harms.
And to cast dirt he meant by traytrous charmes

On their Religion, that she might here
As foule as she doth fair in Heaven appear.
The Powder Plot, a Monster Hell did hatch,
Was such, for which no story has a Match.

FINIS.



EPIGRAMS, &c.

FIRST BOOKE.

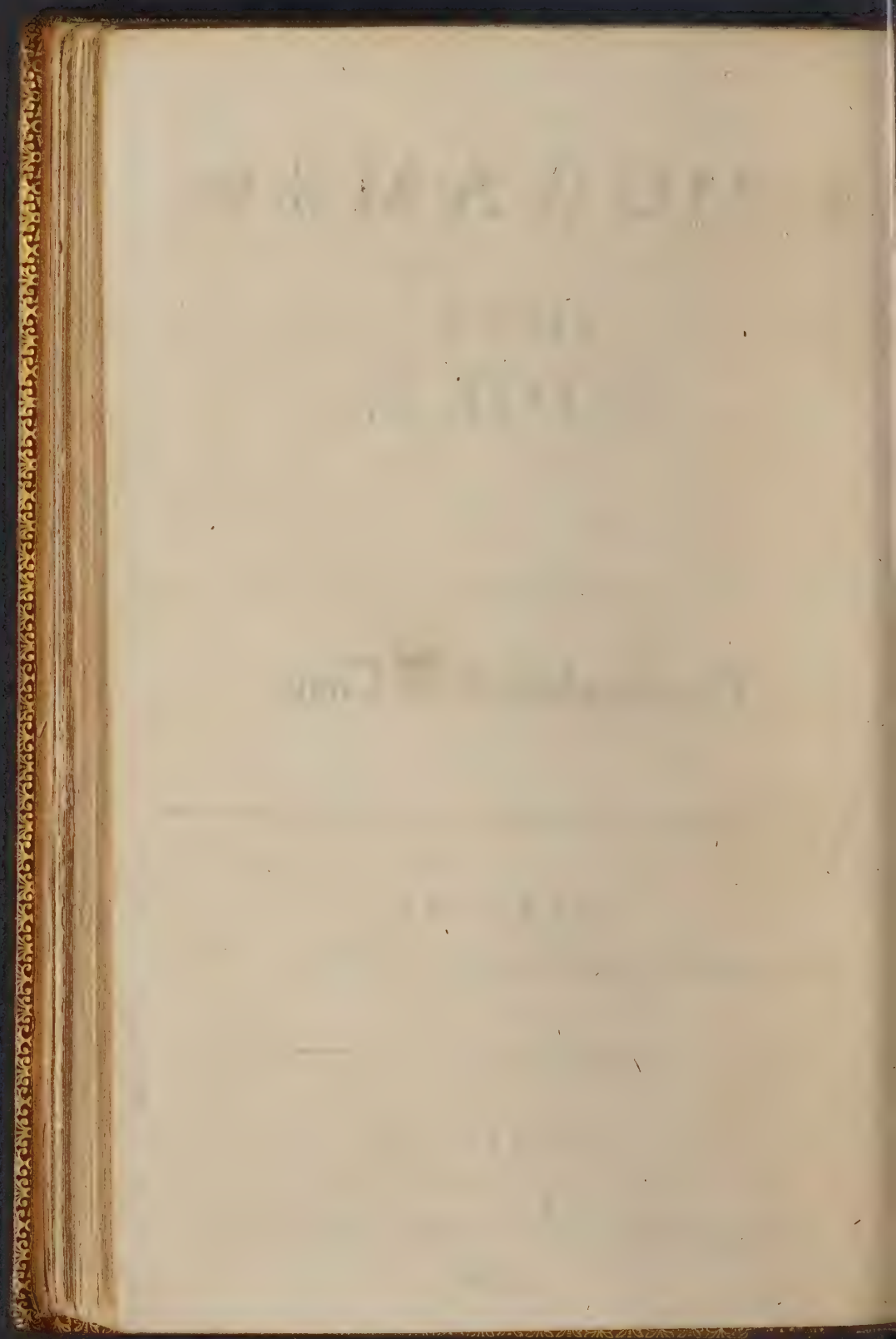
The Author *R.B. Gent.*

MARTIAL.

Queritar lasus Carmine nemo meo.

LONDON,

Printed by *W.H.* for *Tho: Dring.*
1650.





I.

To my Lady E. R.

Commending his Muse.

Madam,

IF weight or light in my weak lines you spie,
Weight from your mouth they take, Light from your
(eye.

II.

To the same, On War.

WAr, that black word, compos'd of thousand ills,
Ladies ne'r speak nor think, but 'gainst their wils;
The Lute sounds pleasant, harshly stern alarm's,
They love not Armed Men, but Men in Arms.

I 4

III.

III.

*On the Picture of LOVYS the fourteenth
King of France.*

THis, this is Hee that turn'd the storme to calme,
And fenc'd his Lillies with triumphant Palme,
And by his actions, so far greater then
His Age, proves Kings are never childeren.

IV.

*Antithesis, to the conclusion of Sannazarius
his Epigram on the City of Venice, which
when he has compared to Rome, he saies*

Illam homines, dices, hanc possuisse Deos.

Those men you'l say,
These stones the Gods did lay.

IN silence be the worlds Seven wonders lost,
Thy stately Hills Proud *Rome*, no longer boast.
See here ! men dwell with Fish ! a City stands
I'th' water ! and the God thereof commands !
Neptunes great Realm's invaded thus, and tam'd !
Not Men (you say) but Gods, this Wonder fram'd,
That makes the wonder lesse ; tis *Venice's* praise
That mortall Men, not Gods such Piles could raise.

V.

To a Cadet.

VVhat though thy Creditors call Pay ? ne'r fret,
A Pound of care can't pay an ounce of Debt.

VI.

An Epitaph,

Upon Henry the eighth King of England,
Translated out of Spanish.

O Henry more than this cold cover
Of stone, thy worth do hide and smother
The Love of Luscious Venery,
And stubbornnesse in Heresie.

How with thy greatnesse I demand
(Poor Colen'd Briton) could it stand
To let a Woman on thee tread
And yet to be the Churches Head ?

VII.

Another, on Queen Elizabeth.

This Urne doth *Iesabels* dust comprise.
Here the new *Athalia* lies.
O'th' Western ore the Harpye,
The cruell firebrand of the Sea.

Here

Here lies a wit, of Fame the most
 Worthy that ever Earth could boast,
 If, to arrive at that blest Bay
 Of Heaven, she had not miss'd her way.

VII.

To *Sim the Letcher*.

I Told *Sim* if he breath'd his last at *Rome*
 His dust with Courtizans should mingled lie :
 For Whores and Heretiques there find one Tomb.
 He answer'd, that's a happy turne, for why
 Alive but one at one time I enjoy'd,
 But dead in that Elizian grave shall I
 With thousands lie at once and not be cloy'd.

VIII.

To *Momus*:

M *Omus*, my Poems I have sent
 Abroad ere the Carnavall is spent,
 'Cause I would have *Carpes cheap* in Lent.

IX.

On the same.

M Y Book, like *Persius*, 'gainst the wall he hurries
 Saying, *Dicitque tibi tua Pagina fur es*.
 And tis more crime (*Synesius* did suppose)
 To steale a dead mans labours than his cloathes.

What.

What *Author* in the *Vatican* is left,
 If this be true, unblemished with *theft*?
 I must confesse I'm *guilty* as the rest,
 And am (like them) contented to be *Prest*.

X.

To Will: Ad. upon his Marriage.

Now thou hadst need be very mild and still,
 Seeing thy *Kate* is wedded to her WILL.

XI.

On Wittoll:

Wittoll said, he hop'd his Love
 Would a pretty *Fortune* prove.
 As so she has indeed, for she
 Is famous for *Inconstancy*.

XII.

On Hornes.

When as the *Wife* deserveth them
 Why should the *Man* hornes weare?
 Because he is his *Wifes* head, and
 No *Beast* weares Hornes but there.

XIII.

XIII.

Epitaph,

*On Henry the fourth, surnam'd the Great,
King of France.*

Stay Traveller, see Honours fraile decay,
Then passe, and wash with teares thy further way.
Seek not in *Sols* whole round a nobler Tombe.
A Greater King ne'r laid in lesser Roome.
No Death ere drew more Rivers from swoln eyes,
No Funerall broke the aire with tadder cries.
Pallas was so shar'd in him 'twere a bold word
To say which *sharpest* was his wit or sword.
These drops o'r all the blubber'd marble spread
Are Pearl-like Teares, Griefs gems, to crown him dead.
Weep too, lest thou be'st harder than these stones;
Then passing say, (in broken sounds and grones)
Although a *Bruter* hand rob'd him of *Breath*,
France own'd a *Cesar* in brave *Deeds* and *Death*.

XIV.

On Sir Iohn Suckling.

The *Rose* (the Splendor of *Flora's* Treasurie)
Smells sweeter when tis pluckt than on the Tree.
So odorous *Suckling* (when he liv'd a Flower
Able alone to make the Nine a Bower)
Is held since he by Times *Sith* now'd has been
The Sweetest Plant in the *Pierian* green.

Nor envious *Fate*, nor *Northern blasts* together,
Though he was nipt i'th' bud can make him wither.

XV.

On Spend-all.

Spend-all to Court, to learn some manners went,
But there in revelling, all his *Manors* spent.;

XVI.

To Leigh the Linguist.

I Oft have heard thee spend much of thy langes
Praising the copious *French*, *Greek*, *Latine*, *Tongues*.
English thou saist is poor, and much doth want
Emphatick Phrases, words significant
T' expresse the *Ideas* that the mind affords,
Tis easily helpt; *Marry*, you'l want no words.

XVII.

To Mr Robert Brownrigg.

P^Rophetick *Delius*, (to whom is seen
What is, and what shall be, and what ere hath been,
From whose instructive *Genius*, Meeter springs,
And how to touch the well-concording strings,)
Being banish'd *Delphos* (where he us'd to shew
Inquisitive Mortalls what should ensue)
To *Abions* Woollie Isle he came, to find
A Monastery where he might sit enshrin'd.

Upon

Upon thy Head he happily hath hit,
 Where he raignes, mounted on a *Throne* of wit;
 And by Prerogative has given to thee
 Th' *manor of Tempe*, t' hold in *Capite*

XVIII.

To Mrs Diana Willoby,

*Upon her marriage Day morning it being
 very dark and misty.*

WHy is the Sun so thrifty of his light?
 Is it to shew a Lovers Day is Night?
 No. I've the Reason, the God of amorous heat
 Takes up your eyes to light his torches at;
 So bankrupt *Sol*, the wandring Knight so fair,
 'Can't borrow thence one beam to gild the air.
 Look then, and rescue with a glimpse Divine
 From almost conquering clouds his fainting shine.
 As with us (Madam) so it fares with him,
 Without you shine all beames are sick and dim.
 Astrologers (the Lanthorn-men o'th' year)
 Shall henceforth tell, that from *Diana* cleer
Sol borrowes light, not she from his pale Ray,
 Since you make both his and our (Wedding) Day.

XIX.

To his Rivall.

I Prethee why, since Twins in Love we be,
 May not one Mistris serve both thee and me?
 Since in the Worlds embroidered Canopy
 Ther's but one *Virgo* for the *Gemini*?

XX.

The Rivalls Answer.

VV Hilt both unmarried be there needs no strife;
 One Mistris may serve two, but not one Wife.

XXI.

To Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

T Hou think'st Sack makes men fat, faith't makes them ^{(leane}
 If they drink much of't, gainst the wall I mean.

XXII.

*Upon the Picture of my Nephew
 Mr. Iohn Man.*

T He Simulachre of the Queen of Love
 In which *Apellas* cunning hand did prove
 It abler skill, by adverte Fates was crost,
 But Art, loath to have such a piece quite lost,

Only

Only th' intended sex of Feminine
 Have Metamorphos'd into Masculine,
 And though not *Cypria*, tis a Young man
 Whole fittest Epithet is Cyprian.

XXIII.

Of Sutes.

TAylors are Liquids, Lawyers be no Mutes,
 Yet here they jump, they both do live by Sutes.

XXIV.

Epitaph, *On a scolding Woman,*
Sub persona mariti.

HEre lies my Wife interr'd; oh how
 Good is't for her quiet, and mine too.

XXV.

The Golden Age.

THe Golden Age, that gild such golden rimes,
 Was but a Prophecie of our now Times,
 Though somewhat antidated, or (Sans doubt)
 Now the great Yeer of *Plato's* wheel'd about.
 For this wherein Lawes Lives and all are sold
 Is, or the Golden Age, or th' Age of Gold.

XXVI.

To Kate common.

IF like loves like, why should'st thou love the night
And deeds of darkneſſe, ſince thou art ſo light?

XXVII.

On the ſame.

TO ſell her ſelfe is her chiefe care,
She is both her own ſhop and ware.

XXVIII.

On the ſame.

PEacocks and Whores are neer ally'd,
Since both their Tailcs maintaine their Pride.

XXIX.

Occupations.

TIs an hard Time ſay Tradersmen, if it ſo (grow.
Continues, our Haire ſoon through our Caps will
But whoſoever breakes, who ever thrives, (wives.
Hoarſe Lawyers will live, and ſweet-tooth'd Mid-
Eſpecially the laſt, for young and old
Stir every ſtone, to make their trading hold.

K

Twiſſ

T'wix their gain more than Lawyers is no sin,
 They Jars, these wix agreement friends between;
 They live by fallings out, these falling in. }

XXX.

To an Antidated Cuckold.

(common,
THou said'st 'cause War makes Men scarce, Women
 Thou would'st ne'r marry, lesse to som great woman.
 Nor have thy hand thy tongue and oath beguild,
 Thou'st marry'd a great woman, (t' wit) with child.

XXXI.

Women strongest.

VVHy should wee women th' weaker vessells call?
 The vulgar Reason, we put them next the wall?
 When I've heard say one Ladies single hair
 Can draw more than of Oxen twenty pair?
 And lesse it be in constancy we men (when
 Th' exceed in strength; nay th' Devill himself, for
 He shoves his face he only makes (weak fiend)
 Our hair, these make our flesh to stand on end.

XXXII.]

To Mal: Winter.

(reason for't,
VVould'st know why thy name's Winter? ther's
 Th'art like a Winters Day, durty and short.

EPIGRAMS.

133

XXXIII.

To curst Tib.

'Cause her low Husbands breeches are so short,
Long-shank't Tib raves, and beates the Taylor for't;
Peace Tib, what need you care what weares the Elfe?
O, cry a mercy, you'd weare them your selfe.

XXXIV.

To loan Toffe-pot

A Mongst couragious drinkers thou
Dost surely bear the Bell.
Though like a founder'd Jade thou look'it
Yet thou draw'it passing well.

XXXV.

Campo-musæ.

Silvan by wagging of a bough,
Did becken me forth to see how
The Spring (the fair mother of Flowers)
Had given new coats to whistling Bowers.
In this gay Palace of the Spring
To hear May's harmlesse Syrens Sing.
And teach Nymph *Eccho* aires, I spread
My limbes upon a spicy bed
Of sweet though ordinary flowers
Perfum'd with West winds balmy showers,
Here many a theam my fancy hit,
Each object drew my thoughts to it.

I saw the Marygold (*Clytie* pale)
 Her beauty to the Sun unvaile,
 As if she hop'd he would be to her
 No longer coy, but came to woe her.
 I thought no Plant in all the Bower
 So like a woman as this Flower,
 'Cause when she feels a litle heat
 She opes her leaves and wide doth spread.
 But she doth this whilst the Worlds eye
 Doth brave the East, and gild the skie;
 When he descends into the maine
 And makes night shee shuts close again.
 With that my Muse her Theam did vary,
 Knowing Women do the contrary.

XXXVI.

To my Lady Venetia Grey.

MAdam, from whom vertue might copies take,
 And Nature learn more beauteous forms to make,
 Chide not my Muse, your humblest servant, when
 Even in your softer sex she spares not sin,
 Since this e're was and e're shall be her care
 To tax the crimes but yet the persons spare.

XXXVII.

To the same, on her Wedding day morning:

Good morrow to the Bride, who (only) can
 Show us the Day, *Sol* like a Servingman
 Attends her windowes, whilst she sits undrest
 He Westward seems, though newly rose i'th' East.

XXXVIII.

To my Poetique friend, I. S.

D *Aphne* is star-proof, fork'd bolts never,
Her flourishing trunk could split or sever;
She having then secured thine head,
What need'st thou foul tongues thunder dread?

XXXIX.

To Poetaster.

O F Admiration Ignorance is Sire,
But I know thee, therefore I don't admire.

XL.

To fiery Face.

T elling som pranks of thee (plump *Jack*) you blam'd
Me, and desir'd, lest I should make ye asham'd,
Your name to hide; why fear'st thou that (*Jack*) tush,
Thy face is shame-proof, *Scarlet* cannot blush.

XLI.

Too a covetous Puritan.

A Crosse you dare not see, for you
From that and neck-weed feare your due.

XLII.

To the same.

Crosses you hate, and wish them banish'd hence,
Reform your Purse first, cast away your pence.

XLIII.

To a Detractor.

I Thank thee *Aristarchus* or stark Ass,
For taking with a sowre Tobacco face
My Lines, in Snuff, still spitting on each Letter,
For this makes me review and make them better.

XLIV.

Past recovery.

Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herēis !

Vhen sage *Lycurgus*, *Sparta's* Law-inactor,
Made mulcts for this and th' other Malefactor,
No Penalty for Parricides he set,
Thinking none would so foule a crime commit.
So *Asculape* the Physic Deitie
Gave salves for every other Malady,
But none for Loves sore, 'cause he thought indeed
No Liver so corrupt was such a Plague to breed.

EPIGRAMS.

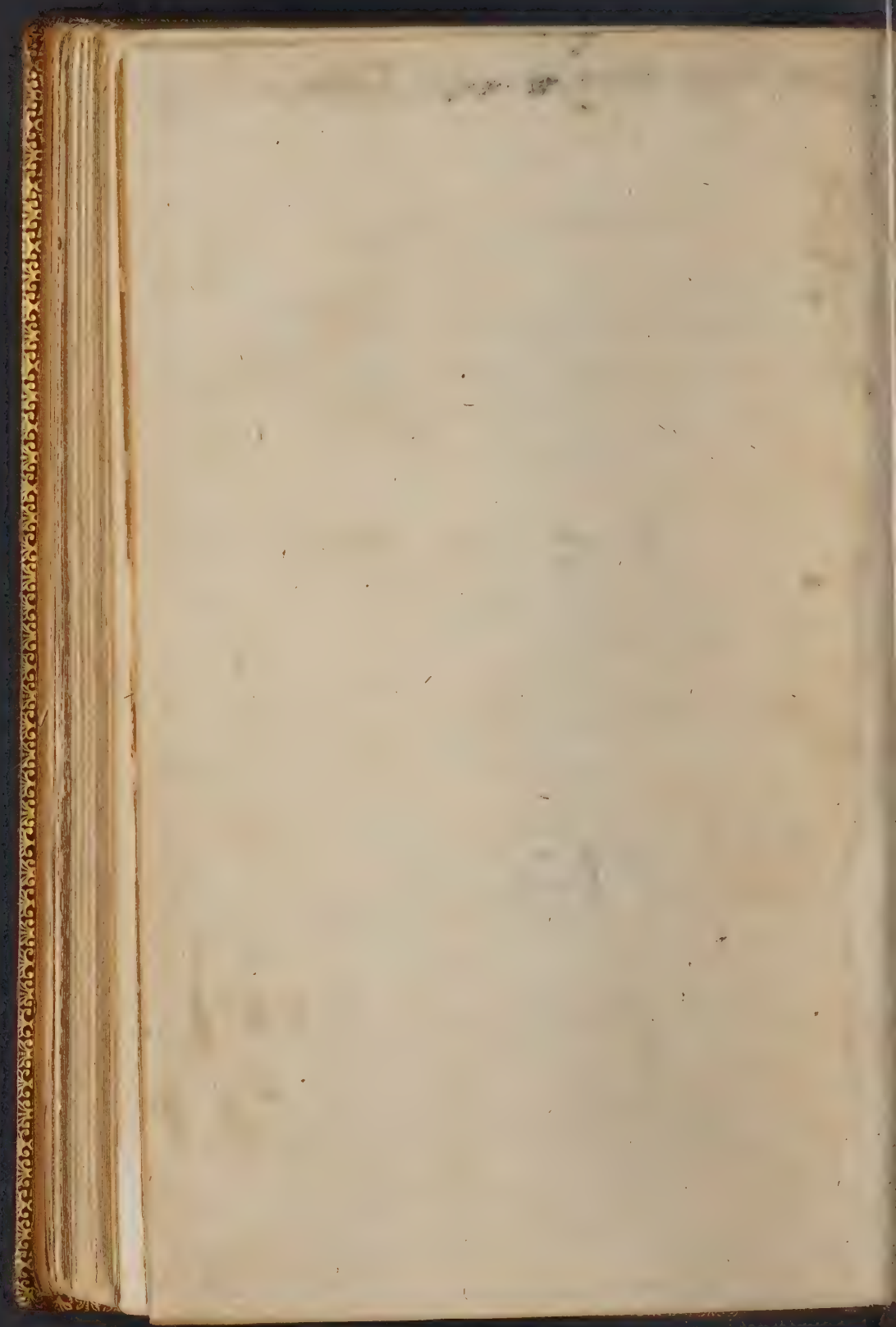
138

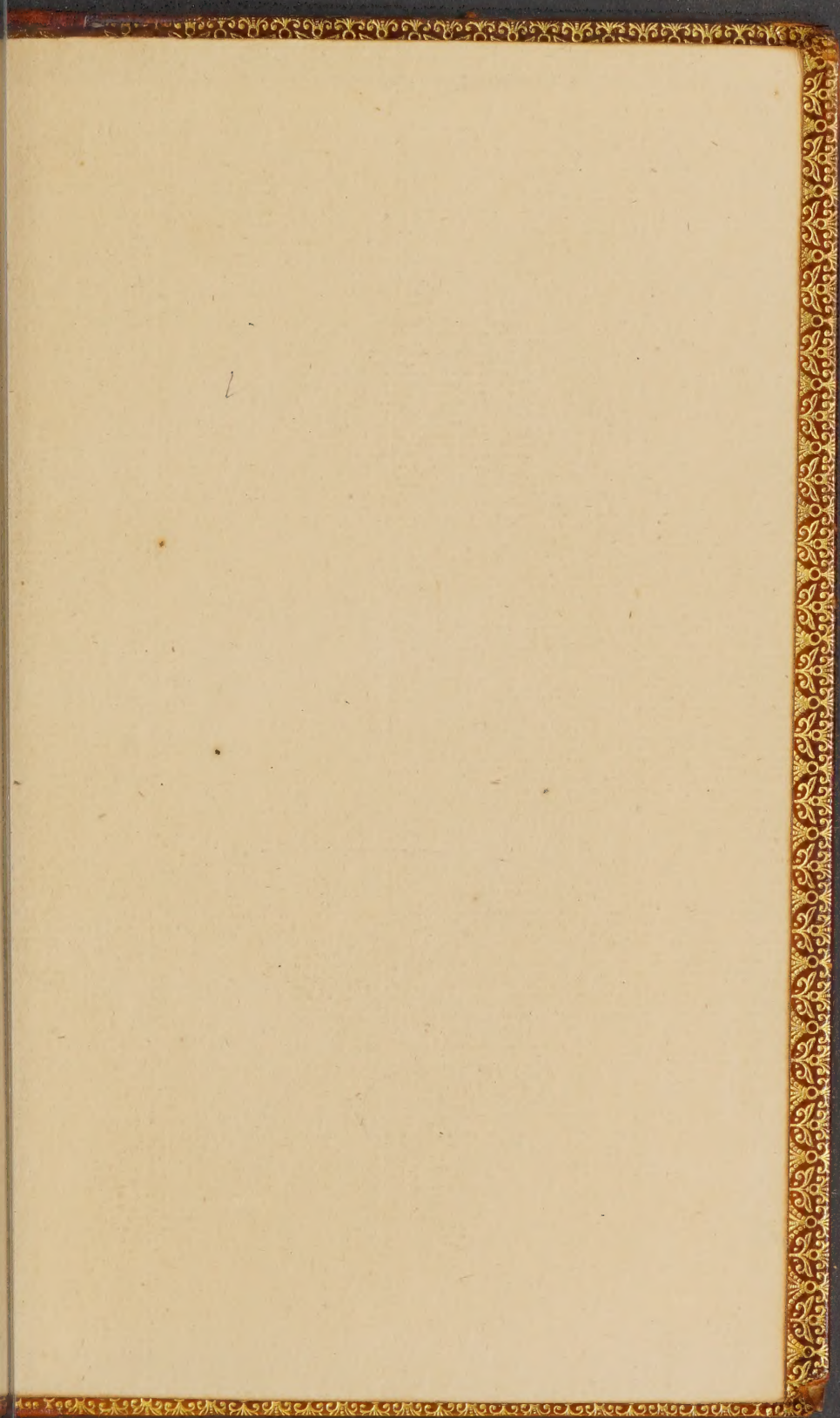
XLV.

Perfumed corruption.

YOU that quasse Amber, and with Musk-cats lie,
Embalming your corrupt bodies 'fore you die;
Who rottenesse to make sweet by Perfumes think
Lose coine and time to gain a dearer stink.

FINIS.





PR

3316

.B3

A75

1650

c. 1

Tappet

7/12/6

Shakespeare
N.S.

4102843

12085

Epigram XIX

AF

